

# JOHN BULL

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*The world is a bundle of hay;  
Mankind are the asses who pull;  
Each tugs it a different way,  
And the greatest of all is John Bull*

—BYRON.

Edited by  
**HORATIO BOTTOMLEY, M.P.**

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Vol. III. No. 79.

Saturday, December 7th, 1907.

One Penny.

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Every copy of **JOHN BULL** bears upon its cover a distinctive number, and every week **FIFTY** of such numbers will be drawn and published on this page.

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Hitherto, it has been our custom to draw **TEN** numbers weekly, and to pay to each of the holders the sum of £5; but in future we shall select **fifty** helpers weekly at a guinea each.

Upon compliance with the conditions of the scheme cheques will be duly forwarded.

THE FOLLOWING ARE THE TEN NUMBERS FOR OUR ISSUE OF NOVEMBER 2ND:—

351,337; 323,498; 292,542; 266,838; 300,212;  
332,497; 317,987; 281,748; 347,200; 299,603.

THE TEN NUMBERS TO BE ANNOUNCED NEXT WEEK WILL RELATE TO OUR ISSUE OF NOVEMBER 9TH.

THE FIFTY NUMBERS IN RESPECT OF THIS WEEK'S ISSUE WILL BE ANNOUNCED IN OUR ISSUE DATED JANUARY 11TH (PUBLISHED JANUARY 9TH).

## THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL.

[The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.]

There are abundant signs that the Limerick craze is nearly dead; and it is a satisfaction to us to reflect that we shall have been largely instrumental in bringing about its death. The sorry document we recently published, containing the poetic efforts of five thousand of our own readers, was a revelation to those simple-minded persons who had been entertaining the specious idea that Limericks constituted a game of skill. They are gambling, pure and simple—the silly competitors being encouraged by the allocation of prizes to last lines of so egregious a character as to inspire the veriest novice to try his luck in the lottery. That the pathetic efforts of our competitors were at least up to the intellectual standard of the average Limericker may be taken for granted; for nobody will suggest that **JOHN BULLITES** are of an inferior order of mind to the readers of *Ally Sloper*, *London Opinion*, and other journals of that kind.

We commented last week upon the canting hypocrisy of the late incumbent of St. John the Evangelist, Kenilworth, who in a farewell address to his flock tells them that he had refused all previous offers of fresh livings, not feeling certain of "the call of God in the matter." We asked what difference there was between the income of St. John the Evangelist and that of the new church; and we are indebted to a correspondent for the information. According to the Clergy List, the income at the Evangelist's was £200 gross, £190 nett; whilst at Beckenham—whither God had assuredly "called" the reverend gentleman—the gross income is £600, and the nett £560. Who couldn't hear a "call" like that?

Mr. Herbert Gladstone is taking his cue in regard to the forthcoming Licensing Bill from his colleague, the Chancellor of the Exchequer. It will be remembered that Mr. Asquith has assured the Temperance and Nonconformist cranks that he is in full sympathy with them; that he has assured the Brewery and Public-house investors that they have nothing to fear; and that he has assured the Clubs that they are in no danger of undue interference. That left only the Barmaids to be appeased, and as Mr. Gladstone is a bit more of the ladies' man than the austere anti-suffragist, it fell to his lot to pay compliments and say soothing words to the anxious amazons who object to having slurs passed upon their moral characters, and do not appreciate the necessity for any Government protection. Altogether, it looks as though we are to have a repetition of the Education Bill fiasco—a futile endeavour to please everybody.

Mr. Birrell is coming round to our idea. "We shall never have proper Irish administration" is his latest *obiter dictum*, "until Ireland has ceased to be the shuttlecock of parties." We should not have put it that way ourselves. We should have said that England will never have proper British administration until she

ceases to be the shuttlecock of Irish parties. The fact is, that Ireland in British politics is a nuisance, and the only practical way of securing adequate attention in Parliament to British affairs and British interests is for the Parties to unite in shunting Irish politics to Ireland. "Home Rule" has become a political bogey. Stripping the phrase of prejudice and pre-conceived antipathy, is it really such a very alarming, such a very revolutionary proposition, that Irishmen should be allowed to manage the affairs of the Irish? It has always been our endeavour to regard the eternal question from that standpoint. Admittedly, Britain cannot govern Ireland, and it is surely a dog-in-the-manger policy to refuse to her the right of governing herself.

As our readers know, we do not attach much importance to official statistics—whether of imports or exports or anything else. But, so long as they are the stock-in-trade of the Tariffers, we are bound to notice them. Here, then, is the annual report on Wages and Labour, showing the increase of wages during 1907 to be four times the amount recorded for 1906. In money the weekly increase in wages in 1906 was £26,000; in 1907 it was £107,800. Still, we are told that our present fiscal system is penalising British workmen. It seems not so long ago, indeed, that Mr. Chamberlain was working up pathos in the country about dying trades and ruined industries. But in the coal trade, the textile trade, the shipbuilding trade, the metal trade, and the engineering trade—in fact, in nearly all the trades except building and quarrying, the wages have become higher and the working hours shorter. No wonder the Tariffers are fizzling out. All is lost save office, and that is far, far away.

That rather elusive section of the population known as the Smart Set is still engaging the attention of the papers which live out of the confidences of butlers and footmen and the tittle-tattle of upper housemaids. One of them reveals that nothing is too plebeian for the Smart Set to traffic in. "They buy and sell each other their household goods, their disused tiaras, and their clothes." It may be true; knowledge of these things is such an exclusive possession of the elect of journalism that it would be a presumption for us to doubt any single item of it. Taking the facts for granted, there is certainly a hint of pathos, if not of tragedy, in the spectacle of Mrs. Johnson-Jones trading off her old boots for Mrs. Higgenheimer's undergarment, while Mrs. Echerstein swops her sixty-guinea gown for Mrs. Brown-Robinson's bed-curtains, and Mrs. Allardice Smythe exchanges her secret process for ironing out a double chin for Mrs. Awkard Boynton's method of attaining a graceful carriage. Whether or not all this is due to the general fall in gilt-edged securities and the general rise in the price of butcher's meat, can only be determined by specific inquiries into Smart Set economics. Meanwhile, we take leave to wipe away the hot, unbidden tear.

It is hoped that the Lion of Judah, King of Kings, and all the rest of it, will not repent him of his latest excursion into constitutional methods. Menelek of Abyssinia is the inheritor of wisdom, or ought to be, for he is a descendant of King Solomon by that rather extravagant lady known to history as the Queen of Sheba. Unquestionably he is a statesman, as well as a warrior and a King. To prevent the Italians eating up Abyssinia in time of peace, he ate them up in time of war, and secured an acknowledgment of the independence of his nation. He has had the envoys of various countries going cap in hand to him for favours. To France he gave a commercial treaty on good terms; to England, through Sir Rennell Rodd, he granted the settlement of the Somali boundaries, and guaranteed to keep the caravan route between Zeila and Harrar open to British commerce. He does not make many mis-

takes, because he is a born ruler, and now that, to use his own words, "The Lion of Judah has prevailed," and has appointed a Cabinet on European lines to aid him in the active work of government, Reuter does not overstate the case in saying that "it is everywhere recognised as a step in the right direction." In any case, Menelek will have the advantage over most European monarchs. If his Cabinet does not, please him he can sack them, and will assuredly do so.

Another book, or rather a translation of a book, on "How to live to be 100." The treatise is by the famous Professor Metchnikoff, who suggests that the best diet is sour milk, plus cheerfulness, moderation, and mental placidity. It seems that the tendency of the microbes in the sour milk is to kill the death bacilli. But perhaps a better way to length of days is to eat what agrees with you, drink what agrees with you, and do what agrees with you. This is, in fact, the real secret of longevity. When it is revealed, the conflict of testimony among the octogenarians and nonagenarians harmonises their evangels, whether they enthuse over fruit or nuts, vegetables or meat. To discover exactly what does agree with you, and to stick resolutely to it, is the only problem in the case. That done, and failing to get run over by motor or tramcar, or to be drowned at sea, killed on a railway, or slain by causes over which you have no control, there is no reason why you should not live if anyone wants you to.

A lady signing herself Annie Van Sommer, writes from "Cuffnells," Weybridge, soliciting our interest in "an effort which is being made to provide a much-needed House of Rest for Missionaries in Egypt." She tells us that by the kindness of friends the house is already built, but that she needs further help to complete it, and adds that she will be grateful for our "sympathy." She has it. A "House of Rest" for Missionaries in Egypt! Let them come home, the whole two hundred of them. There's plenty of work for them here—if they are not too tired to do it.

Mr. Thomas Holmes, the secretary of the Howard Association, has been drawing attention to a very serious aspect of our prison system—which makes no distinction between the morally diseased and the casual criminal. What we want is a half-way house between the gaol and the lunatic asylum—for the sympathetic and scientific treatment of moral degenerates. Half the inmates of the prisons to-day had no more guilty consciousness behind their "crimes"—which is the only justification for state punishment—than had the judges when branding them as felons. Every judge in a criminal trial should have the assistance of a scientific assessor—of a man like Mr. Holmes, who knows the difference between a helpless degenerate and a deliberate rascal.

There is one aspect of the Hull election to which altogether insufficient attention has been directed. We refer to the adoption by the Liberal candidate of some of the worst electioneering methods of other days. Of course, if a candidate has beautiful sisters, he is quite entitled to utilise their services, but the thing is easily overdone. And we confess to a feeling of disgust when we read that "Lady Chesterfield will place her small gloved hand in a docker's rough fist and captivate him with her smiles," or that "the lovely Mrs. Fairfax pats the heads of the dockers' wondering children." And Liberals talk about the tactics of the Primrose League!

We recently expressed regret that the Suffragettes were apparently unable to find a capable general—that is to say, a leader who combined sagacity with courage. The hour, however, is apparently producing the woman; and from the point of view of effective tactics, we congratulate Mrs. Despard and Miss Irene Miller on their latest scheme of appearing in the Courts and

protesting against their sisters being tried by laws in the making of which they have had no part. If they would continue this policy in a respectful and decorous manner—contenting themselves with the protest and refraining from further disturbing the proceedings—no one could reasonably object. They could also go further on the same lines—but, there! we shall be suspected of courting favour with the ladies. Still, it is a bit difficult to answer their case, isn't it? We were dining the other evening at the house of a brilliant woman, whose husband died a few years ago. Conversation turned upon the Lisbon crisis, and she was appealed to for her opinion. "Wait a moment," said she; "I'll ring for the butler—he is the only person in the house who has any political interests and power—and I must be guided by him." And that set us all thinking of the Suffragettes—and, somehow or other, no one ridiculed them.

Everything in *Truth* is usually so accurate that we must draw attention to a strange blunder in the issue of November 27th. The editor vigorously assails some correspondent of the *Daily Mail* for an "insane letter," "crazy rubbish," "a farrago of ignorant nonsense," and so forth. The genial Labby is evidently very angry indeed. His unfortunate victim committed the indiscretion of saying that "the Duke of Orleans in no sense represents the French Royal family. . . . Had the Comte de Chambord been chosen King of France in 1873 the Orléans would probably have been as much exiles as they are at present." *Truth* corrects this by saying that if the Comte de Chambord had reigned in France, he would have been succeeded, as a matter of course, by "his next heir, the Comte de Paris, the father of the Duc d'Orléans." We will not imitate Mr. Labouchere's vivid vituperation by calling this "ignorant nonsense" and "crazy rubbish." But we will point out that the rightful heir after the Comte de Chambord is, of course, his nephew Don Carlos, the head of the House of Bourbon, who has never abandoned his hereditary rights. The fact that Don Carlos also claims the throne of Spain might have occasioned a difficulty if he had succeeded, but, as things are at present, it does not in any way support the pretensions of the House of Orléans, which would never be tolerated in France.

On another matter we are more in agreement with Mr. Labouchere. It will be remembered that, when Lord Rosebery was Prime Minister, Mr. Labouchere very properly protested against a "Peer-Premier." Now, however, that C.-B. has broken down, and evidently cannot manage the work of the Premiership as well as that of leading the House of Commons, Mr. Labouchere very properly suggests that C.-B. should go to the House of Lords and still remain Premier. Folk will no doubt say that he has been inconsistent, but inconsistency of this kind is justified both by courage and common sense. The only objection is that a peerage might make it difficult for C.-B. to continue his campaign against the Lords. But there is such a thing as internal pressure.

If what we hear on distinctly good authority is true, and the War Office is thinking of paying the costs of the recent military inquiry at Chelsea Barracks, roughly estimated at £1,000, a new terror will be added to the life of a senior officer. At this rate, any subaltern or junior who feels himself aggrieved may put the country to enormous expense by a mere freak of will. We question, however, whether Mr. Haldane will have the effrontery to actually propose this payment. In any case, we hope the Service members will call attention to this mad craze for "public" inquiries into little petty quarrels. The fact of the matter is that the military authorities simply have to do as they are told by a powerful newspaper syndicate. For instance, the Naval and Military Tournament authorities gave the

sole rights of photographing during their last show to a certain firm. Down came the "syndicate," with a polite intimation that if they could not use their camera the exhibition would not be noticed in one of their papers. Result, a hasty conference and—capitulation. But for the same strong influence the dirty linen of the 2nd Grenadier Guards would not have been washed in public.

Rumour has it, too, that in the coming Army estimates a sum is to be set aside for building new barracks and repairing some of the old ones. The Regular Army feels thankful to learn that it is not absolutely forgotten in the new schemes of Army reform, and there are not many who will grumble at the idea of touching up some of our barracks. The condition of things in London is particularly disgraceful. At the Tower of London men live in little more than hovels, Wellington would soon take the spirit out of the average civilian, and Chelsea is not much better. But before he begins fresh buildings, Mr. Haldane might fill up what we already have. Moreover, he might get on with those at Norwich, the site for which was given by the citizens. It may be remembered that Mr. Arnold Forster went down there, and, with a flourish of trumpets, laid the foundation-stone. The money required not being forthcoming, a box was put over that stone and padlocked, and we believe the matter rests there till this day.

The Moltke scandals in Berlin are about to enter on another phase, and one which promises tribulation for Herr Harden. When the "parable-libels" of that eminent Berlin journalist appeared, the Public Prosecutor declined to interfere, apparently because he was in doubt to what extent the foul eroticisms of the Eulenberg circle would stir up the gutters round the Court. But since Moltke lost his case, and Herr Harden emerged from the civil trial with feathers in his hat, that functionary has bethought himself. What should have been Moltke's civil appeal has, therefore, been stayed in favour of a criminal prosecution. Harden now stands to take his trial for criminal libel. In these circumstances only a miracle will save him, for in Germany the Public Prosecutor does not do a double shuffle of this kind without making pretty certain beforehand of the accomplishment of his object. We trust Herr Harden has made suitable arrangements for a lengthy absence from the post of journalistic duty. Why doesn't he quit the Fatherland and join our staff? "All found," and washing—especially of dirty linen—put out.

We understand that grave events are expected to occur in Belgrade at an early date. It will be remembered that when the Servian Parliament met the other day, it was not allowed to discuss any business, but was adjourned until December 4th. This has exasperated the whole country, and men of all parties are now united in the determination to put an end to the present state of things. The Government is utterly corrupt, and its members openly take bribes whenever they can find anybody foolish enough to offer them. Not only politicians, but peaceful citizens are kept in a state of terror, and whole armies of spies are employed to watch all their most trivial actions. The state of the Servian prisons is now worse than that of any other prisons in the world. We are tempted to wish success to the present conspirators, and a short shrift to Peter Karageorgevitch.

We are asked to emphasise the necessity, made manifest by certain recent cases, of abolishing the power at present possessed by County Chief Constables to dismiss members of the force without the sanction of any local authority, such as is the case with the Watch Committees in cities and boroughs. The *Police Review* and *Parade Gossip* is taking up the case, to which we recently

drew attention, of an Inspector who, after twelve years of good and faithful service, has been called upon to resign for the heinous offence of wrongly demanding repayment of a penny postage stamp. Good luck to our contemporary. But what are the local M.P.'s doing?

We have good reason to believe that by the co-operation of the London Liberal members, a determined attempt will be made to get through a London Registration Bill during next session. It is quite possible—although very improbable—that a General Election may come in 1909, and it would be nothing short of a scandal if the present chaotic state of things is not remedied in the meantime.

There are "tidings of comfort and joy" in the barrack room. The latest concession announced in the Army Orders, is that a messing allowance of threepence a day (in addition to pay) is to be given immediately on enlistment, instead of, as at present, after six months' service, to enable the soldier to supplement his ordinary rations by the purchase of groceries or "extras." What made the new Order even more popular was the fact that it is to take effect from November 1st. Think of what it means to the thirsty members of a regiment. Three extra glasses of beer a day, or twenty-one a week! For you can get good beer in the canteen at a penny a glass—and there is no Sunday closing. Not such a "messing" allowance, after all—eh, Tommy Atkins?

Surely it is about time General Booth called a halt. Not content with his great army of paid missionaries, his Labour Colonies, his Insurance Companies, and all the rest of it, he now announces that next spring he is going to Africa, which "is neither as cold as Canada, nor as far away as Australia, and has room for all unemployed in Great Britain"—whom he intends to "plant there!" The phrase is his own. One would have thought that at the present time South Africa would be about the last place to plant anything—except in the slang sense—more especially when by all accounts the cost of living has increased, employment is scarce, property of all kinds is about half the value of a few years ago, and wages are being cut down all round. If one is to judge from the constant begging for funds from door to door, the officers of the Army have enough to do to get money to pay the staff at home. The fact is that the persistency of these Salvation Army beggars, especially in suburban districts, as we happen to know, is a positive nuisance. They seem to think everyone should be ready to pour money into their hands when they deign to call, and ladies especially are often badgered into giving what they can ill afford. The General is now a very old man, and despite all the abuses of his organisation, he has on the whole done good work. Let him now rest in peace.

To people without extreme teetotal prejudices it will seem extraordinary that places of public entertainment like the Hippodrome and the Coliseum should be refused a licence to sell whatever refreshment is called for within their bars. Thus it comes about that while the teetotal patrons of these places are enabled to get exactly the kind of refreshment they want between the acts, from ginger-beer to lemon-squash, and from beef tea to oranges, people who want a glass of whisky or a glass of beer are forced to either go without or to rush into the nearest "pub." It is most unfair that what is given to one house of entertainment should be refused to another. Either all should have a full licence or none, and if they are not allowed to sell the kind of refreshment preferred by A, they should not be allowed to sell the class of refreshment beloved of B. It seems to us that the moderationists allow the teetotalers to have things too much their own way. Instead of organ-

ising, and carrying war into the teetotal camp, they are without organisation, and therefore without any real means of defence, to say nothing of defiance. A widely-extended Moderation League would soon give a new direction to liquor legislation by the pressure it would be able to put on public men and public licensing authorities. "We must not offend the moderate drinker," said Mr. Lloyd-George recently. The President of the Board of Trade knows that the moderate man is the true temperance reformer. We have no patience with the cant of these municipal namby-pambies.

One of the good things which has come out of the London County Council is the Child Housewife Training School. The object aimed at is to teach young girls how to cook economical meals. The haphazard and sloppy way in which cooking is done in working class homes is responsible for much of the unhappiness and nearly all the indigestion which brings discord into the domestic harmonies. You cannot build up happy men, or happy women, or happy children, on badly prepared, badly cooked, and badly served meals. Pessimists and cynics, grumblers and growlers, and sulkers, and all that genus, are the special creation of bad cooks. The plan of the Council is to allow the little mother so much for a meal, and to teach her to make the most and best of the money. The wife of the French artizan is almost miraculously ingenious in making a few sous go a long way. She will provide a dainty repast for a family at the cost of a franc-and-a-half, or even less, whereas the average British artizan's wife could not provide a meal of the same kind for twice the money. Happy is the nation that hath good cooks.

The wild, whooping sentimentalism which some fanatical people mistake for humanitarianism gets precious little sympathy from us. But we confess to a feeling of abhorrence at the revolting practice of feeding the snakes at the Zoological Gardens on live animals. Once again a motion to abolish the custom has been rejected by the Fellows of the Zoological Society, though the only argument they can urge in its favour is that the snakes will take no other food, and that if we do not sacrifice live pigeons and rabbits the Society will be left with dead snakes. Our readers will judge of the value of the argument according to the intensity of their regard for boa constrictors, pythons, rattlesnakes, and other reptiles; but it appears to us about as justifiable to feed a python with live pigeons as it would be to feed a man-eating lion with a live Fellow of the Zoological Society. If the lions at the Zoo would eat nothing except live man, they would soon have to find another home to go to, and we are persuaded that a humane public would rather the Society got rid of its snakes than that their repellent appetites should be encouraged.

We have no sympathy with the snob, be he hairdresser or what-not; therefore we are rather glad that the Courts have refused to listen to the thirty Brighton hairdressers who wanted to be allowed to keep their shops open after the other ninety-five Brighton hairdressers were closed on Thursdays, on the ground that the ninety and five were inferior persons. But we have some concern for the public convenience at Brighton and elsewhere, and we recognise that, unless the public makes up its mind to guard that convenience it will go to the wall before the demands of short-sighted Trade Unionists and others. Under the Shop Hours Act of 1904 a local authority can shut at a given hour all the shops in a certain trade if a certain majority of the tradesmen affected be in favour of this course. The aim of the Act is admirable; it is intended to make the sweeter come into line with the decent trader, to prevent him working his employees all the hours that the *bon Dieu* has given them, and from stealing his rival's custom. The weekly half-day is especially desirable

in a case like that of the hairdresser's assistant, compelled to spend far too many hours daily in a mixed atmosphere. But why should all the shops be closed on the same afternoon? Surely it were possible to arrange that, say, forty of the Brighton barbers might agree to close at two o'clock on each of three different afternoons. Obviously, in a town like Brighton, which lives largely on the visitor, there must be many persons about on Thursday afternoon who would like a shave, a hair-cut, or a wash and brush-up. The assistants are right in insisting on a half-day, but why must they all have the same half-day?

We deal with the matter at this length because it is symptomatic of a growing tendency to subject the convenience of the general public to the control of small cliques. You will observe the same blurred view of the needs of the occasion in the demand by the railway workmen for the reduction of Sunday trains, and the payment of 50 per cent. higher wages for all Sunday work. Now, it is in the general interest of the community that we should have more Sunday trains and cheaper; to which general interest this demand of the A.S.R.S. is distinctly opposed. What the railway men would ask for, if they were wise, is twenty-four hours clear off, once a week, for every man employed by the companies. The public would endorse that demand, and, if needs be, enforce it by law. The railway directors could not argue against it, for plainly it is fair and likely to conduce to efficiency and safety. Part of the men would be off on Sundays, part on Mondays, and so on; the detail is merely a matter of arrangement. The companies would have to employ a few more men in relief work, but the increased Sunday traffic would more than pay the difference on the wages bill. At present we have a ridiculous one-hoss Sunday service on some of our lines and none at all on others; and the A.S.R.S. is pledged to a policy that would make matters even worse.

A few months ago, one of our correspondents was visited by a man in clerical attire. He produced a card, which gave his name as the Rev. J. J. F. Guthrie, and offered to send an engineering encyclopædia on approval. It was to be published by Messrs. Virtue and Co., 38, Shoe Lane. The clergyman asked him to write his name and address down on the ground that his own sight was bad. A few weeks later Vol. I. of "The New Century Encyclopædia" was sent to his home, and his wife paid 6s. for it. Six weeks later Vol. II. was sent, but, as Vol. I. did not refer to engineering work at all, our friend declined to buy any more volumes. He was then summoned by Virtue and Co., who produced an agreement to purchase ten volumes at 6s. each. Though he pleaded false representations, the case was given against him. We do not suppose that Messrs. Virtue and Co. are responsible for the conduct of their canvassers, but we certainly think our correspondent has been badly treated.

The telephone is not an unmixed boon. Occasionally we feel inclined—when the dear, delightful damsel at the exchange is having her tea or dallying with her favourite young man—to curse its inventor in all the tongues we know. Still, on the whole, it is as often convenient as it is tantalising, and we must not accept unquestioningly all the gossip we hear against it. For example, two firms have lately written to the Press to say that the telephone has marked up against them "calls" they did not make. In one case it is the N.T.C. telephone that is accused; in the other it is the P.O. telephone. Possibly these complaints are well-founded; but you never can tell. The firms doubtless are correct in saying that officially they did not call up as frequently as the 'phone says they did. But firms have employees, and these employees have been known to put shillings on horses and to arrange to see other young men and maidens after hours.

## WAR OFFICE CARS USED BY OFFICERS FOR WEEK-END PLEASURE TRIPS.

STRONG ORDER ISSUED BY THE WAR OFFICE.

### WHO ARE THE GUILTY OFFICERS?

We have before us a very extraordinary official letter addressed by the War Office to the General Officer Commanding-in-Chief, Aldershot, which indicates that a great number of officers in the Aldershot Command have been in the habit of using War Department Motor Cars for their own pleasure trips. These motor cars are supposed to be supplied only on occasions when special circumstances require the performance of a duty to be expeditiously carried out. But it has now been discovered that the cars requisitioned under these special circumstances may often be seen during the week-ends at seaside resorts and other places, with officers and others on board. Apparently these officers have not realised that their conduct is highly dishonest and dishonourable. They have been compelled to resort to unworthy methods in order to obtain the use of the cars—with the result that the War Office has had to issue an Order reflecting discredit upon the whole of the Service. Here is the wording of the Order:—

#### WAR OFFICE ORDER.

Motor cars should not on any account be supplied by the Army Service Corps except upon the prescribed form of requisition, and before a car is allotted, the responsible officer should satisfy himself that the urgency of the duty justifies its use, or that this means of conveyance is the most economical. It only remains for the names of the officers to be made public. We are getting tired of Army Scandals.

## "John Bull's" Biscuits.

#### AWARD No. 449.

*For stating that a man "blew out his brains," and that "the bullet had entered below the heart, passed up through the vital parts, and lodged beneath the left shoulder-blade,"*

THE STAR

TAKES THE BISCUIT.

#### AWARD No. 450.

*For sitting on a piece of timber, sawing it through, and falling with the piece he had sawn off.*

JOHN HUGHES

TAKES THE BISCUIT.

#### AWARD No. 451.

*For advertising "money lent on pianos, or bought for cash,"*  
A PAWNBROKER IN THE NEW CROSS ROAD

TAKES THE BISCUIT.

#### AWARD No. 452.

*For stating, at a meeting of the London Spiritual Alliance, that he had "personal experience of one spirit form which bit a biscuit, leaving the marks of its teeth upon it,"*

MR. SPRIGGS (A Medium)

TAKES THE BISCUIT.

#### AWARD No. 453.

*For describing a newly-born baby as so small that its mother "had no difficulty in placing her wedding ring upon its wrist,"*

THE PARIS DAILY MAIL

TAKES THE BISCUIT.

#### AWARD No. 454.

*For stating that "the Lord High Steward of Stafford will then present the Mayor, who will simply wear his chain of office, to his Majesty,"*

THE BIRMINGHAM EVENING EXPRESS

TAKES THE BISCUIT.

#### AWARD No. 455.

*For calling upon his father to abdicate in his favour,*

THE CROWN PRINCE OF PORTUGAL

TAKES THE BISCUIT.

## JOHN BULL'S NEWEST THEOLOGY.—V.

By ENQUIRER.

## WHY SHOULD CENTENARIANS DIE YOUNG?

Some people resign themselves to the idea of (other people) dying at 80, because they think it's Biblical. It isn't.

A certain Professor of Science recently startled the newspapers (and perhaps an inexperienced reader here and there) by declaring that, bar accidents, no man need die under 120.

It is to be suspected that the worthy professor held an American degree, but let us give him the benefit of the doubt. The dear, good man meant well. He had planned to give the world a pleasant surprise; and, as he may have spent the best years of his life thinking it up, we really ought to look grateful.

Yet there is absolutely nothing new or strange in the idea. There is no physical reason against men becoming centenarians if they wish to. And there is no intrinsic reason why they should die for at least twenty years after reaching the century. But the horn-blowers of the Press seized, with one accord, upon the professor's pronouncement as being anti-Biblical!

Therein lay the chief sensation of the thing, according to the newspapers—the good ones and the wicked ones alike.

The good newspapers, with unctuous phrases of denial and disapprobation, referred solemnly to the "allotted span" of "threescore years and ten." In extreme cases, doubtless where the journalist had personally drifted well into the sixties, the time-limit was extended to "four-score." The attitude adopted was one of Scriptural authority for allotting that approximate span. The theory that it might be universally exceeded by so great a margin as 50 per cent. could not, therefore, be tolerated.

The wicked newspapers used much the same phraseology, but flippantly, not solemnly. They also quoted Scripture, with the fluency, if not the accuracy, of Satan himself. But the twist they put on the alleged "allotted span" (a secular phrase, by the way, coined by some irresponsible sayer of pretty things), was that herein Science differed from Scripture. Which was equal to saying that here was your Bible refuted for you.

Both sides gratuitously dragged the Bible into the discussion; but the one side wasn't wise enough and the other side wasn't sporting enough to give it fair play. Twitted by its adversaries, and, worse still, humbugged by its friends, discredit was most undeservedly thrown upon the greatest book ever published.

It has been left for neutral and impartial journalism to examine, set forth, and criticise what the Bible really does say about the limit of longevity.

The passage which forms the prime base of quotation is the 10th verse of Psalm xc.: "The days of our years are three-score years and ten, and if by reason of strength they be four-score years, yet is their strength labour and sorrow; for it is soon cut off, and we fly away."

Now, even there, nothing definite is said as to how soon, after four-score years, human life must end. But we can afford to give that point away. Who was the Psalmist? Let us quote our author. To many descriptions of "The Book of Psalms" there are appended the words: "Commonly called the Psalms of David." This may, or may not, be taken as a gentle bit of satire on our perverse habit of calling so many things by any name but the right one. But, whether or not, it is clearly stated at the top of that particular Psalm xc.: "A Prayer of Moses." So that we must not label the Psalms wholesale as the Psalms of David. It would be equally correct to talk about "English Literature, commonly called the Works of George Bernard Shaw."

Here, then, is Moses, the author of the Psalm in question, making the famous pronouncement, "Too old at eighty—to live—let alone work."

Presumably he said so before he had himself reached four-score—how long before, who shall say? His experience had certainly not reached its zenith when he said it; for, on turning to Deuteronomy, chapter xxxiv., and 7th verse, we read the following obituary notice: "Moses was an hundred and twenty years old when he died; his eye was not dim, nor his natural force abated." So that the very man, whose words have been snatched at as being authoritative, belied them in his own person, if they were so.

But they were never intended to be authoritative. They were, in the first place, uttered in prayerful, physically self-depreciative mood. In the second place, everything Moses, or any other Bible worthy, said or did was not, in itself, inspired. The reproduction, in Scripture, of these words or acts may be inspired for warning or reproof, or a hundred different objects, other than precept or example, without the original words or acts being, in themselves, inspired.

For instance, the reproduction of these words of Moses, in conjunction with the fact of his living to six-score himself, might well be inspired with a moral. Say with the moral of teaching us not to generalise, not to croak, not to meet trouble half-way, not to prophesy unless we know. Each of us may pick out the moral that fits best. Indeed, one of the beauties of the Bible is that it doesn't attempt to rub in a set moral with every story it tells.

It would be as foolish to take every word of Moses as being in itself inspired as to take all his acts as being, in themselves, inspired. That he was an exemplary man who would deny? That he was altogether an exemplary man who would affirm?

In Numbers, chapter xii., verse 3, we read: "Now, the man Moses was very meek, above all the men which were upon the face of the earth." Bravo! But it will be remembered that he had, nevertheless, a shocking temper, in fits of which he flung things about generally. (Exodus xxxii. 19; Numbers xx. 8, 10, 11, 12, etc.) On one occasion he even went the length of killing a man. (Exodus ii. 11, 12.) But, in inculcating the virtue of meekness, by his general conduct under difficulties (and he did get his temper sorely tried), Scripture assumes we have the common-sense to judge where the model comes in, and where the horrible example.

Now, none of us is likely to start out on a career of exemplary meekness by murdering a rate-collector, or throwing off any other little homicidal trifle of the kind. Therefore, as with the acts of Moses so with his words—let us discriminate. Let us take his pronouncement on the age limit as the convictions of a young man, liable to be unsettled later on.

Taking this view, people in their seventh and eighth decades may look forward with increased hope to their prospects of life.

In fact, to encourage enterprise, why not try to break the existing record of Methuselah?—a break of 969, unfinished. We say unfinished, because a close examination of the lamentable circumstances surrounding his demise leads us to believe that he did not die of old age even then. Thus:

Genesis v. 25: Methuselah lived an hundred eighty and seven years, and begat Lamech."

Genesis v. 28 and 29: "Lamech lived an hundred eighty and two years, and begat . . . Noah."

Genesis vii. 11 and 17: "In the six hundredth year of Noah's life, in the second month, the seventeenth day of the month . . . the flood was upon the earth . . ."

These three periods, added together, come to 969 years, short of some odd months and days. Very well, then!

Genesis v. 27: "All the days of Methuselah were nine hundred sixty and nine years; and he died."

This last verse, compared with the others, brings out what would seem to have been a fatal coincidence—for Methuselah. A plain man might reasonably presume the trouble he died of was drowning. A complicated medical man would probably diagnose it, in dog-Latin, as something sounding different; but no coroner's jury would return any verdict but "Found Drowned." In which case Methuselah didn't die of old age! Who knows, indeed, but that the poor old chap might have been living yet, had he only secured a berth in his grandson Noah's ark?

To conclude, don't be depressed over what Moses said about dying at 80. All his own best work came after that age.

## THE MANLY WAY.

"Oh, hold my hand," the maiden cried,

"That surely were no crime!"

"Sorry," he stolidly replied,

"I haven't got the time."

Despairingly she shook her head:

"Then kiss me once again!"

But, looking at his watch, he said:

"I have to catch a train."

"Oh, cruel! Can you leave me thus

And all our past forget?"

He answered: "Why make such a fuss?"

And lit a cigarette.

"Remember those dear vows that we

Did swear by Venus' doves!"

"I never heard of 'em," said he,

As he drew on his gloves.

She madly wrung her hands of snow,

And tore her raven hair,

Whilst he, unconscious of her woe,

Went whistling down the stair.

L. L. ARMSTRONG.

## PRISONERS AT THE BAR.

## THE BISHOP OF LONDON.

## BEFORE MR. JUSTICE BULL.

Arthur Foley Winnington Ingram, Lord Bishop of London, you that are the prisoner at the bar, hold up your hand. After a short and impatient trial by your peers, you have been found **NOT GUILTY** on the charges of obstructing progress and causing crowds to assemble by unseemly behaviour to the vexation and confusion of his Majesty's lieges. In this verdict I cannot concur. But, though I shall have no alternative except to order your release, I cannot forego this opportunity of addressing to you a few words of salutary advice in the hope that you may thereby be saved from again occupying your present painful position.

## FASHIONABLE SLUMMING.

I give you full credit, as the prosecution has done, and as all impartial witnesses must do, for excellent intentions. You have laboured abundantly on behalf of the poor and needy, more particularly in the less prosperous districts of your present diocese. In other words, you have engaged in the fashionable pastime of slumming with sufficient energy and notoriety to ensure your advancement. Whether your efforts have been attended by greater benefit than harm, I do not take it upon myself to pronounce. The conditions of life in the fashionable slums of the East End of London, as well as in the less fashionable but no less unhappy purlieus of South London, present problems too enormous and too serious to be solved by any amount of sermons or missions or doles or aristocratic condescension, or even episcopal visitations. You have probably done what you could within the limitations of your machinery and of your intelligence. But, like some great statesman who rises to power and affluence by a championship of the democratic cause, you have probably done more good to yourself than to anybody else. This I am sure you will be the first to regret. I therefore assume that I have your lordship's concurrence in my present endeavour to find a way out of the difficulties of your position.

## COURTING POPULARITY.

One mistake which you have made is an incessant sacrifice at the altar of popularity. One of the witnesses has testified about your visit to a certain Bohemian club celebrated for liquor and levity. It was not a place in which a bishop could easily appear, except in the character of a prig or a buffoon. By your tact and geniality and charm you avoided either extreme. But your efforts to point a moral only aroused smiles of pity, while your condescension in the direction of what I understand you called "jolly good fellowship" must have seemed somewhat forced, even to yourself. I do not know what your feelings can have been when a boisterous individual proposed your health with the remark that the only other bishop he had ever met was the Bishop of Rum-ti-Foo, who was eaten up by cannibals. I wonder whether your sense of dignity was impaired, and whether you regretted the rashness of your visit. At any rate, I may be permitted to congratulate you on the decorum of your demeanour while rollicking revellers raised their glasses and yelled a chorus to the effect that you were a jolly good fellow, and so said all of them. Your exit, too, was superb. Nothing like it has ever been witnessed upon the stage. Even Irving in all his glory was never so theatrical as you.

## PERAMBULATING AMERICA.

Whatever hesitation we may have about the wisdom of your excursions in Bohemia, there can be none about your perambulation of the United States of America. I freely admit that it is a place which stands no less in need of missionary enterprise, but how could you hope to civilise people who are so entirely satisfied with themselves, except at the point of the bayonet after the fashion of your brethren in Africa? I will give you the benefit of one doubt, and admit that you aroused friendly feelings, at any rate, towards one Englishman. But what was the use of that, when public opinion over there is uncompromisingly hostile to England as a whole? You were not regarded as a teacher or prophet so much as in the light of a curiosity. A real live bishop in America was like a transplanted castle or knight, and soon degenerated into a pawn. I believe that if you had exhibited yourself in a dime museum, you would have attracted precisely the

same kind of attention, with this advantage—that you would have been able to collect a large number of dimes (whatever they may be) for the benefit of British charities. As it was, you only collected mobs of stupid people round your carriage; your sermons became the popular entertainment of millionaires; and your notorious game of tennis afforded gamblers an opportunity for speculation. Surely your sense of humour cannot be so entirely deficient as to prevent you from seeing that an incessant stream of laughter was rippling through American sleeves! It is a pity that you did not remember what you owed to your high position as a public personage in England before exposing yourself to all this ridicule.

## SCHOLASTIC SHORTCOMINGS.

I now pass on to the more British aspect of the offences whereof you have been charged. It is disappointing that the person appointed to fill your high office should not be at least a great scholar and an authority on literature. So far, at any rate, you have given no evidence of either. Your published works are little more than a collection of second-rate sermons and impressions on unimportant matters. I have never yet met anyone who can take the trouble to read them. And on the only occasion when you set yourself up as a literary guide, you laid yourself open to a great deal of chaff. Some scribbler, who had failed to draw attention to his books under his own name, suddenly adopted a new style and a new name, and brought out a foolish tale called "When it was Dark." It made a pretence of teaching great moral lessons, and at once attracted your innocent intellect. You hurried into the trap and preached a sermon glorifying the book in terms which would have been exaggerated if it had been a masterpiece. Naturally you did not increase your reputation thereby. Indeed, there were irreverent people who said you had missed your vocation and ought to be employed as an advertising agent.

## POLITICAL PRIESTCRAFT.

I must also deprecate your frequent intrusions into the domain of party politics. Believe me, you did yourself and your party and your Church a great deal of harm when you set yourself to fan the flames of religious excitement on the education question. A great deal of bad blood would have been avoided if you and your friends had kept quiet. Moreover, if you had not stirred up the Nonconformist hornets' nest, the opponents of the Church of England would not have been so vehement in their attacks. Your presence at a party meeting at the Albert Hall was a mistake, and so was your persistent attitude in the House of Lords. You had not even the excuse of being a great orator, or the kind of man whom people readily accept as a party leader. To cut a long story short, you did more harm than good.

In your own interest I implore you to keep quiet in the future. Remember that the days of militant prelates have long passed away. Busy yourself by all means with the vicars and curates committed to your charge, but do not let me hear any more of you in a public capacity. You now have my permission to retire from the Court.

## CAN IT BE?

Can it be? This is how an American contemporary refers to that great philanthropist, Mr. Andrew Carnegie:—

"Mr. Andrew Carnegie is the head possessor of a chain of establishments in the valley of the Allegheny and Monongahela rivers that may be justly termed hot-beds of disease. The thousands upon thousands of men there employed are crowded into workshops, where, even if their occupation did not militate against health, would be too narrow for health-promoting conditions. As it is, the dust and heat in which the men are forced to earn a living undermine their constitution, sap their vitality, and breed diseases too numerous to mention. The disancer on the 'Triumphant Democracy,' whereby such institutions are made a cult of, to be worshipped as monuments of civilisation, is a mighty flood of the land with public ill-health."

The *Times* advertisement leader-writer has a pretty way of putting things. Here is a passage from his eulogy on Maxim's, which will be appreciated by those who know it:—

Maxim's is to the other restaurants of Paris what green Chartreuse is to other liqueurs: It is bright and distinctive, and is much liked by the gentler sex.

It would be difficult to beat that.

## AMONG THE MUMMERS.

### THROUGH FOREIGN SPECTACLES.

The Italians are the best singers and the worst critics in the world, and in so far as the work of Dr. Mario Borsa on "The English Stage of To-day" is worth while, it is quite uncharacteristic of its author's nationality. I find it curiously spasmodic, equally full of suggestive purple patches and absurdly ignorant or prejudiced misjudgments. Which is to say that I find it very like most other foreign criticisms of the British drama and dramatists, whether written by gentlemen who live abroad and admit their race, or aliens resident in London, who try to pass themselves off as Englishmen. All these erudite persons interest me, as weird subjects of occasional study; and some of them amuse me; Dr. Borsa is an Impressionist, and I like impressionism; and I thank Mr. Selwyn Brinton for translating this book, and Mr. John Lane for placing it at our disposal in return for three half-crowns. It has told me nothing I did not know about the English stage, and not very much of which I was unaware about the extreme liability of intelligent foreigners to go astray when they try to reckon up any English man or institution or tendency. But it has entertained me a great deal, tickled me a little, and made me wonder how some quite unimportant people manage to get themselves puffed not merely in the papers, and at mutual admiration society dinners, but between the covers of bulky treatises published in remote lands.

### THE BRITISH PUBLIC AND THE EXOTIC CRITIC.

These foreign-born critics apparently are unable to understand the utter indifference of the general body of Englishmen, cultured and uncultured alike, to all their heavily-accented splutter about the Higher Drama. They lift upturned palms to heaven and weep sad, salt tears of agony in their ghettos, at St. John's Wood and elsewhere, when they find the finest dramatic critic in the world, Mr. A. B. Walkley, of the *Times*, admitting that he is more interested in his Surrey garden than in any theatre, English or foreign. They do not think he can be in earnest in such statements, he who has seen all the great actors and actresses, the great plays and, above all—the great critics! They marvel that he should prefer a quiet evening over an ancient book on apples or roses or rhubarb growing to the most gaudy modern première of them all: a novel of Peacock to Thomas Smith Robinson in the most wonderful masterpiece of Mr. Donald Abraham O'Brien. Yet nine Englishmen out of ten who know books and gardens and the world can understand Mr. Walkley quite easily. They know that the popular theatre, like the popular ritual, in all ages has been for the most part an affair of the untutored or the unintelligent—save for brief periods in the heyday of the Greek drama; that the plays and actors of any generation that are worth the trouble of going to a theatre to see could be all seen in a month of evenings; that no man in his whole lifetime can read all the books, old and new, that are worth reading, none love a gracious garden more intimately or continuously than it deserves.

### WHY PEOPLE GO TO THE THEATRE.

In England the most regular playgoers are the women who read too much fiction and the men who read nothing but the starting prices and the Stock Exchange lists. Some of us others go now and then because we have to, or because we like to see pretty women and hear light music, and (tell it not in Romano's, whisper it not at the Carlton) because the portentous solemnity of the great actor-manager and the great critic make us laugh. Most of us go because our wives compel us, or our girls insist. It was so always in England to a large extent, I suspect, even in the Spacious Days; I fancy it will be so always until, with the increasing infusion of South Continental and Asiatic blood into our race, we become as hysterical about the theatre as the most brainless Dutchman of the lot. The theatre in England does not matter to the bulk of the people as the theatre in France and Italy, and, in lesser degree, in Germany, matters to the bulk of the people there; it never has, and I doubt if it ever will. That is what these imported critics do not understand, and what neutralises nine-tenths of their criticism, and causes mere sane Englishmen to chortle when they get dinners up in honour of one another's efforts to improve the British drama, or write portly tomes, or scream angrily through columns of the Sunday Press.

### THE GENIAL FOREIGNER.

I like these genial foreigners; I have lived among their fellow-countrymen in their own charming home-lands, and have tried to understand their points of view; many of them are my personal friends. But loving them so, I am bound to chasten them when they grow frantic about reforming us in a matter as to which we want no reform. Not all their heated advocacy will move us to turn a hair; we remain simply amused at them and at our drama, and refuse to take either one or the other *au sérieux*. Mr. Walkley, when he says

from the height of his great experience, "I do not care much for the theatre," is saying exactly what the ordinary educated Englishman is thinking (if he thinks about it at all) in the depths of his cosy chair, in front of his library fire, whilst the ardent childlike playgoer is wrapt in admiration of the latest adaptation from the French, the most complete bowdlerisation of Shakespeare ever staged, or the fruit of Mr. So-and-So's valiant struggle with a back number of the *Family Herald* and a dictionary of synonyms. In his preface to Dr. Borsa's book, Mr. Selwyn Brinton says he refuses to believe that "the nation which produced Marlowe, Webster, Shakespeare, Congreve, Sheridan, which already takes such a keen and growing interest in the theatre, will remain, in its great majority, permanently dead to the higher side of dramatic art." Of course "the great British public" remains no more dead to those manifestations of literary genius than it does to all the other such manifestations. Cultured Englishmen in thousands read the plays of Marlowe, Webster, and Congreve, although only hundreds can be induced to go and see them murdered to make a third-rate actors' festival at a London theatre.

### THE NOVEL AND THE DRAMA.

Probably the circle of intelligent theatre-goers in England will widen considerably with the widening of secondary education and other co-operating influences; it is doing so, and I hope it will do so still more. Probably, too, the type of man writing for the stage in England will improve; I think it is improving and increasing in numbers. But the drama here is never likely to take the place held in English affections by the novel, for we are the most domesticated and story-reading people in the world, and consequently we have less use for the stage than any other nation—less conscious need for the theatre and the mummer. I doubt whether Messrs. Grein and Archer, backed up by Dr. Borsa and M. Auguste Filon, will be able materially to alter this position. Dr. Borsa avers that "one of the greatest drawbacks to life in London is the lack of good prose drama"! Fiddlesticks! The only drawback to life in London for most people is the lack of a good bank balance. We do not miss the "good prose drama"—of which, by the way, we have just as much as France and Germany has just now, and more than Italy or Holland—because we have the best prose fiction in the world, and the largest body of it, raw and matured. And so, Dr. Borsa goes on; grotesque error succeeding grotesque error.

### THE ELYSIAN FIELDS.

On the economic side, Dr. Borsa is almost as much at sea as on the artistic—more so than in his diatribe on "G.B.S." For example, he talks of Mr. George R. Sims "recently drawing £20,000 a year in author's fees," which certainly he has not done any time this ten years past. Again, he states, "never has the theatrical industry (in London) been so prosperous and flourishing." This is simply not so; the industry is larger than ever, but the average return per London theatre to everybody save the landlord is less now than for many years past. Once more, says the Dr., "in the money market theatrical shares are always on the upward grade, even during periods of general financial depression"! Really; I think some speculative investors in London amusements might tell a different tale. "Everyone in any way connected with the stage is reaping a golden harvest," adds Dr. Borsa finally. I am sure I shall voice the opinion of my professional readers when I say: "Rot!" That, were one discourteous, is what one might say of nearly half of Dr. Borsa's book.

### HISTRIOMANIA.

On the other hand, here and there he talks the soundest of sound sense, as when he denounces that histriomania which is one of the most pathetic forms of lunacy with which the victim can be afflicted. He says:—

The passion displayed by girls for the theatre, with its inevitable accompaniment of secret infatuations for actors, of languors and excitements, has developed of late years into a real hysterical malady, studied by physicians, psychologists, and sociologists, with great diversity of diagnosis and from different points of view, but with a certain amount of agreement as to the remedy suggested—work, fresh air, and matrimony. For this histriomania is not confined to attendance at the theatre; it is complicated and rendered more acute by a complex and morbid interest in everything connected with the stage.

Some ladies of the male persuasion suffer from it, as badly as the dear girls. When I die I shall leave all my money to found an institution at which acclimatised and other too, too stodgy critics and infatuated playgoers may undergo the "fresh-air treatment" for histriomania and kindred diseases, including swelled head, debilitis, distended tongue, writer's itch, and mental astigmatism. And I shall ask Mr. A. B. Walkley, or some other equally wholesome Briton, to act as my trustee.

## A SECRET CHAPTER OF CONGO HISTORY.

### KING LEOPOLD'S ATTEMPT TO PROVOKE WAR.

#### LORD LANSDOWNE AND THE "ROYAL TEMPER."

There is an inner history of the Congo matter (told only in diplomatic despatches) to be found in the archives of the Foreign Office. Ever since April, 1903, the British Government has been seeking, by peaceful means, to restrain the ambitions of King Leopold, but apparently without effect.

Colonel Lord Edward Cecil, our Agent-General in Cairo, quickly came to the conclusion that all the King hoped for, in all his doings, was "personal gain of a financial nature." He wanted an outlet on the Nile for Congo trade, and had ventured so far in his scheme as to actually encroach upon territory in the Bahr-el-Ghazel, which is under British protection.

"That this country is rich, and will one day be very valuable, there is no doubt," says the official despatches, "and its mineral wealth may be very great, though at present we only know of valuable copper at Hofret-el-Nahas, but on this point the King may have better information. Possibly the Belgians, during their somewhat troublesome and transitory occupation of the province may have discovered some valuable mineral deposits."

It was proposed if armed force, or a threat of armed force, was not to be used to induce the "mission" to quit, to cut off the Congo State's communication with the Nile—a proceeding that would not fail to ruffle "the Royal temper."

One of the King's proposals was for the establishment of a joint railway company to lay a line from Mahagi to the navigable waters of the Upper Nile. Concede him this, and he would give up his "rights" in the Bahr-el-Ghazel! Lord Cromer's comment on this piece of effrontery is—"We should have a semi-Belgian Company exercising rights over the Soudanese railways." The British Government took Lord Cromer's view, with the result that the "Royal temper" was aroused. King Leopold broke out: "The proposals of the British Government are offensive and humiliating to myself. . . . If the Congo is going to be a constant source of worry to me I shall prefer to resign; otherwise the Congo will become a source of weakness to Belgium."

This utterance is somewhat cryptic, but one must remember "the Royal temper." Foiled in this direction, that "temper" quickly sought another, and the French were importuned to intervene. Indeed, the evidence shows that the kingly Leopold had at one time a thought of setting England, France, Germany, Italy, and Portugal—who all have interests in this region—by the ears. M. Lemaire and his "mission," comprised of 130 Congolese soldiers, described as a "scientific expedition," became bolder; he obtained reinforcements, and proceeded to erect permanent buildings. When told he had no right in the Bahr-el-Ghazel, M. Lemaire replied, "I am sent by King Leopold, from whom alone I take orders."

Matters began to look serious. "A collision," writes Sir C. Phipps, "is what the Belgians desire." Therefore he was against the use of force. In case of eventualities, the Sirdar was appealed to, and he bluntly replied that the Belgians could concentrate more soldiers than we could, and he declined to act the part of "local policeman." If anything was to be done, he required reinforcements and orders to embark upon "active operations."

M. Lemaire went coolly forward, and soon had established five posts in the Bahr-el-Ghazel. In one he constructed a permanent building with a firm platform "for delicate astronomical observations and geodesic operations." On that platform quickly appeared a gun, and no wonder an official despatch alludes to the "fort" and to the mission as being rather "a military expedition of some strength." "Our prestige is weakened and our administration interfered with by the Belgian action," writes the British agent, who goes on to point out one of the "peaceful" doings of the "mission":

"M. Lemaire defeated the Niam Niams in November, killing 300 of them."

Still the desire for a peaceful settlement swayed Lord Lansdowne, and arbitration was suggested. But King Leopold would have no intervention, "not even that of the Mikado." And again the "Royal temper" displayed itself. "I have taken steps," he writes, "to prevent the Enclave reverting to Egypt at my death." However—here the mercenary part comes in again—he is willing to "give up everything else, and even evacuate the Enclave," if given a permanent port on the Nile.

Now comes a peremptory notice to the Lemaire "mission" to withdraw. Sir Reginald Wingate is asked if the Egyptian Army is capable of dealing with any force the Belgians may bring against him. He reckoned that in the

five Belgian posts there were 500 men, who could be easily supported. In the Enclave there were from 2,000 to 3,000 troops, and in the district west of the Enclave there was a still larger number. The Soudanese garrison consisted of one battalion, so that they were inferior to the Belgians. "Therefore I hope," concludes Sir Reginald, "no ultimatum will be sent to King Leopold until the necessary military preparations are complete." "I do not think the King will fight," he writes, "but it would be silly to present an ultimatum without the force to follow it up."

The despatches give a startling revelation of our military weakness in the Soudan at that time. The Soudanese battalions, the Sirdar considered, could, if allowed the proper complement of artillery, deal successfully with the Belgian force, "but this would leave the river posts undefended, and six gunboats, with two British battalions and a company of Garrison Artillery from Khartoum, would be required as a river force. The posts vacated by the Soudanese would have to be garrisoned by Egyptian troops, which would entail the calling out of two reserve Egyptian battalions. One British battalion would be required to replace the battalion from Khartoum."

There seemed to be nothing left to do but fight, and we next find Lord Lansdowne issuing instructions to the officer commanding in the Bahr-el-Ghazel to "resist the Belgian advance—if they advance, to protest, but to offer no resistance unless attacked—and remain on the defensive."

The firm attitude thus taken up at last had its effect upon King Leopold. It was pretty certain he did not want to fight, and, so far as is known, no actual collision took place. But so many things happen in this dark region of the Dark Continent which never reach the ears of the outer world. We have no information that the "mission" ever retraced its steps; it may be still pursuing those "scientific observations" which occupied it at the end of 1905. One thing, however, we do know, and that is that Major Lemaire has been removed from the leadership of the "mission," recalled to Brussels, and forbidden to return to the Congo. Numerous reasons for this step are in circulation, but in the light of the facts given in this article it would not be far wrong to suggest that a good and faithful servant has been offered up as a sacrifice, and that it is the last move in a game of bluff, played with "Royal temper" by Leopold, King of the Belgians.

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## HUMAN DOCUMENTS.—XII.

Robert Thomas Duprey, of 5, Harold Street, Green Street, Bethnal Green, E., gives us the following record of what has recently happened to him, which we reproduce as near as possible in his own language:—

On Tuesday, June 13th, Duprey started from Mile End and walked to Maldon in Essex to try and get a few weeks work at pea-picking. He started picking on Wednesday morning, June 14th, and continued the work on the three following days. He began at 2.30 a.m. as the men were only to pick till 9 a.m. At 5 p.m. on the 17th it rained in torrents and Duprey got wet to the skin; when the sun came out it dried his clothes on his back. A fortnight afterwards he went to bed all right, but in the morning found himself very deaf, and so had to come back to London. He attended the Ear Hospital in Great Portland Street, and the doctor told him it would be better for him to be treated as an in-patient in the Infirmary. He then attended the London Hospital and St. Bartholomew's, where the doctor said he could do nothing for him; he then went to the Ear Hospital in Gray's Inn Road as an out-patient, but he derived no benefit. He then attended St. Thomas's Hospital, Westminster, as an out-patient, but without useful result, and he is still stone deaf. He asks, "what can a poor young man do? I am thirty years of age, strong, healthy, willing to work at anything. I have never been convicted, or seen a judge, or magistrate, or been in a Police or County Court." We cannot answer Duprey's question. Can any of our readers?

**Our Model Limerick Competition.**—We are now busily engaged examining and collating the votes—the poll having closed on Monday last. The result will be announced in our issue of December 21, and after the expiration of one month from that date all coupons will be destroyed, so that there may be no danger of the signatures falling into the hands of jewellery and tea swindlers.

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## AMONG THE BOOKS.

BY HERBERT VIVIAN.

"The Call of the Drum." By Horace Wyndham (London: Cassell. 1907. Price 6s.)

Captain Geoffrey Vernon, adjutant of the 1st Battalion Cumberland Light Infantry, was a terrible martinet, and showed special severity towards non-commissioned officers. He vented his spite against Sergeant Hastings, an exemplary man of good family, who was on the verge of obtaining his commission. He picked a quarrel with him, accused him of insubordination, and had him reduced to the ranks. Getting into difficulties, he was at his wife's end, when he met Colonel Pyke at his club, and was invited to play cards with two subalterns. The Colonel suggested a code of signals at bridge, but did not mention that he intended to play with a pack of marked cards. The confederates won, but one of the subalterns was on the watch, and reported the matter to Vernon's commanding officer. Being informed of the charges against him, Vernon determined to disappear and enlist. As a private he went through all the vexations which he had inflicted upon others when he was an officer. He was driven to desert and sentenced to hard labour. When I had read so far I was convinced that his regiment would be ordered out to active service and would die gloriously. The author, however, preferred the other obvious alternative. Vernon was severely wounded in Egypt while rescuing his old enemy, Sergeant Hastings, who had by that time obtained a commission. When Vernon recovered in hospital, he found that he had been given the V.C. and a commission, and was quite a hero among his old comrades. The fact that he had cheated at cards had been quite forgiven. The plot is not altogether convincing, the writing is somewhat rough, but there is a great deal of vitality about the book, and it is easy to see that the author knows what he is writing about. The obvious moral is that officers ought not to be too hard on their subordinates. The book will probably interest anybody connected with the Service, and may be recommended as amusing to civilians.

"Helress of Denaley Wold." By Florence Warden. (London: Cassell. 1907. Price 6s.)

In spite of the fact that one always knows pretty well what Miss Warden has in store, her books are still readable. Here we have the usual remote country house, the usual desolate pond covered with green slime, the usual male-factors and the usual innocent virtuous people. The reader knows from the outset that everything is bound to come right in the end, but Miss Warden's art lies in the fact that, even when the end is quite clear in front of us, we can still take an interest in the intervening details. A severe critic might say that her people do not always behave quite naturally, but then few people do.

"Who Goes Racing?" By T. W. H. Crosland. (London: Collier. 1907. Price 5s.)

Mr. Crosland will soon rival Father Vaughan as a censor of morals. He is not a whit less severe, but far more amusing. Having had a slap at nearly every section of society, without making a single enemy, except perhaps among the Suffragettes, he now proceeds to tackle the great army which browses on the Turf. If their sense of humour, as revealed by their favourite reading, is as poor as he believes, they will resent his strictures. But I venture to hope that they will enjoy this book as much as I have done. They will, at any rate, agree with it about the scandals of the Betting Act, the tolerated presence of notorious scoundrels on race-courses, and the brazen effrontery of some advertising tipsters.

As usual, Mr. Crosland indulges in some amusing personalities. Boadicea, for instance, is called "a sort of ancient British Mrs. Langtry." He begins an article on Jews by saying:—

It has been observed by a philosopher that there are good Jews in the world. But it is pretty certain that, taking them in the lump, the good Jews do not go racing. Any more than they go shaking matters up in the city. Of course, I do not wish to suggest that Lord Rothschild and Mr. Sol Joel are other than ornaments to the sport which they so assiduously favour.

And there is a very amusing chapter on welshers.

There can be no doubt whatever that the welsher is not only exceedingly numerous, but also an exceedingly brave man. When he goes forth to the exercise of his arduous profession, he makes a point of kissing his wife and children.

—or somebody else's wife and children—good-bye, because he is conscious that he carries his life in his hands, and therefore may never return. The kind of mob with whom he is compelled in the nature of things to do business is the ugliest in the world when you come to tread flagrantly upon its financial toes. If it cannot have its winnings, you may bet your old hat that it will have the blood and hide and feathers of the artist that cheats it if it can by any possibility lay hands on him. The welsher never doubts this for a moment. Yet he goes to business as cheerfully and as briskly and as brightly as a hangman goes to an execution.

**"Chats about Wine."** By C. E. Hawker. (London: Daly. 1907. Price 2s. 6d.)

In these days of exuberant temperance advocacy, it is refreshing to find someone singing the praises of wine with all the ardour of an old Persian poet. Mr. Hawker talks about "this wonderful elixir of life, which uplifts and cheers us in days of sorrow and gloom; evokes and enhances our joys and pleasures; and which, by the inherent living force it is endowed with, gives animation, energy and inspiration to every sense and faculty we possess." In spite of his efforts at fine writing, and a certain number of exaggerations, he contrives to provide us with useful and interesting information. Most people will agree with him that it is better to drink good, sound wine rather than "a mere admixture of spirits and water," which "has a very different effect upon the human system and, instead of being beneficial, is almost invariably harmful." But I hesitate to believe that "the man who drains a whole bottle of sound wine absorbs only a single glass of alcohol." Assuming that Mr. Hawker is not playing with words, and has not some preposterously huge beaker in his mind, this would make one bottle of whisky the equivalent of about fifteen bottles of port. Now I have met people who have told me that they experienced no discomfort after consuming a whole bottle of whisky in an evening, but I should like to meet the man who could carry fifteen bottles of port. Again, I am a little sceptical about the statement that there is less reaction after the stimulating effect of wine than there is after that of tea. But I quite believe that wine-drinkers are not often toppers, and that "only the heroes and villains in romances and plays drain goblets of wine in order to inflame themselves to proud words and doughty deeds."

There is a very useful chapter about wine merchants, with an exposure of the methods of unscrupulous purveyors. Another chapter on "Doctors and Wine" is severe but instructive. We are told about "the average medical man," who "is crammed with enough learning about drugs to fit him for the post of a qualified dispensing chemist, and who could cover a page with cabalistic chemical symbols without turning a hair, and with the skill which comes of long practice." He knows nothing about wine, and often recommends "one of those much-advertised, but frequently fraudulent and unwholesome concoctions which go by the name of 'medicated' or 'Meat' Wines, or some such misleading title, but which usually have very little relation to either meat, wine or medicine, in the proper sense of the words." There is also an excellent chapter on "Wine at Hotels and Restaurants." As Mr. Hawker points out, "to tell the plain truth, restaurateurs and hotel-keepers, as a class, go about the purveying of wine with an indifference to their customers' and their own ultimate interests which could hardly be greater if the whole fraternity were secretly leagued to stamp out wine-drinking altogether." They supply an inferior article at grossly inflated prices, and the consequence of their endeavour to make wine drinkers bear the chief burthen of running a restaurant is that many people give up drinking wine there at all. I believe that a small fortune awaits the man who will run a restaurant and provide the best wines at little more than the wine-merchants' price. The rest of the book is devoted to useful facts about the wines of different countries, and I would draw special attention to the remarks upon the horrible liquids which come over to us from Australia in the guise of wine.

### "WHAT IS YOUR NUMBER?"

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## OPEN LETTERS AND POST-CARDS.

To the Only Gamage, Holborn, London.

My Dear Gamage,—Sorry to see that some of your vast establishment has gone to blazes; glad to note, however, that resigned unto the heavenly will you carry on the business still. In a way, you are a sort of national institution. Brains and grit took you to the top of the tree, enterprise has kept you there, and a trumpery £30,000 fire is hardly likely to raise your hair. Indeed, I am told that while the fire was blazing you were sitting in your office re-ordering goods—except when you were showing the reporters round the flames. You are a smart man, Gamage. By making friends with the reporters, the blaze became a glorious advertisement; and being fully covered by insurance, you won't have to pay for it.

I observed that the shares in your concern rocked a bit on the news of the excessive heat, but even that is a beneficent encouragement to speculators. I don't suppose you will—and I sincerely hope you won't—lose a ha'porth of business. Indeed, if you can manage to collect some of the ruins, and exhibit them with suitable inscriptions in a glass case, you will increase the natural attractions of your world-known emporium. Meanwhile, I dare say you have not failed to note the fact that for two hours and a half 20,000 people stood in front of the building and watched what the junior reporter calls "the darting tongues of golden flame," and that three hundred and fifty policemen helped them, while 500,000 gallons of best *aqua pura* were poured on the darting tongues as aforesaid. Good business, good "ad." good luck—Good-bye.

JOHN BULL.

To William Robertson Lidderdale, Esq., Mystery Lodge, Misingtown.

Sir,—I write these few lines hoping they will find you in good health, as it leaves me at present. I send to the above address because you don't appear to have any other in the heavens above, or the earth beneath, or the waters under the earth; none where the postman or the policeman can find you, anyhow.

Do you know that application has been made to Mr. Justice Deane to presume your death, and that if you don't come home or indicate with accuracy your present whereabouts within six months you will be presumed dead accordingly? So please say without unnecessary delay whether you are dead or not, or for ever hold your peace.

Mr. Justice Bargrave Deane suggests that you have given one lady of your heart the slip and disappeared with another, a certain Miss Vining. When you were in Ilminster you told some pretty stories about this lady—that you became acquainted with her when the wind in a frolic blew off her beautiful hat and you picked it up, that she subsequently invited you to her house, that you became enamoured of her and she of you, that once during a quarrel in her carriage as it was being driven along the cliffs she attempted to drive over into the abyss, and that you jumped out to save your life. In corroboration of this last adventure you appeared in Ilminster with your arm in a sling. Strange to say, however, the police can trace nothing of the lady, her house, her carriage, or anything that is hers. So some say she is a figment—the baseless fabric of a vision.

I don't know, and I don't care. But by these presents I want to give you the chance of not being dead. I have to point out to you that since you have been dead the lady who was your *fiancée* has received £500 in notes, a Christmas card, a Jubilee sixpence, and visiting cards bearing the name of the other lady, but from whom they came neither she nor anyone else knows—except myself. What is your little game? What the Druce are you up to?

JOHN BULL.

To the Education Sub-Committee, London County Council.

Gentlemen,—My attention has been drawn to the fact that you have removed from the requisition list of maps, diagrams, and books for the senior departments of public elementary schools within your jurisdiction that classic work which was the pride and possession of my youth, to wit, "Tom Brown's Schooldays." I trust that the acute intellects which distinguish your august body have not discovered in it a tendency to lower the moral tone of the scholars. The book was given to me as a present for regular attendance and good conduct at Sunday-school. Neither then nor since have I been able to discover any naughty parts in it. Please indicate them to me, and I will read them most carefully. Meanwhile, it appears to me that a scholar in one of your palaces of instruction may safely lend "Tom Brown's Schooldays" to his grandfather without much danger of corrupting the old gentleman's morals. It would not even raise a blush on the cheek of a Young Men's Christian Association young man.

You have safely refrained from giving reasons why you regard Judge Hughes' famous and inspiring work as unsuitable for your school libraries. I take leave to say that it is the first among the few great books ever written for boys. It is lofty in aim and lofty in treatment. It shows a boy how character is moulded and built up to high, brave uses, and all this while the story moves forward with absorbing interest. Not all the Shakespeares and all the Miltons will do as much to inspire the children of our elementary schools to great ideals of principle and conduct as that book. These things said, gentlemen, I am amazed as well as puzzled by your decision, and I take leave to hope that when the matter comes before the full Council, that decision, which springs from either crass ignorance or crass folly, will be "referred back."

JOHN BULL.

To Harry de Windt, Esquire, Explorer and Lecturer.

Sir,—"Travellers have leave to lie" is an old French proverb. One is reminded of your claim as an explorer by an announcement in the *Matin* that they are about to arrange a motor-car race over the very ground where you met with your "terrible adventures"—namely, from New York to Paris, *via* Klondike, Alaska, and the Behring Straits. On that journey you "lost three men"—as you are so fond of telling us at your lectures. They deserted you half way, because they could not stand you any longer, and so did your other two companions: Count de Clinchamp and Mr. Harding, on their return, for the same reason. At the Royal Geographical Society they smile when your name is mentioned. You love the limelight a little too much. At Earl's Court this summer you had a small side-show called "Through the Balkans with Mr. Harry de Windt." At this, you showed to a gaping public living pictures of fighting in Macedonia. Have you never been in that country? You are gifted with a lively imagination which, to a lecturing explorer, must be most useful. It extends even to your magic-lantern slides. When you have no photograph for these, you promptly have a picture painted depicting harrowing snowstorms and yourself the hero ploughing through them. Ugh! To think of your sufferings, driving in a covered sledge by day and tucked snugly up in a down quilt at night! To Madame Novikoff and the Russian authorities you are *persona grata*. Your own Siberia is a place apart. In one of your amazing books you describe it as a perfect paradise, and in another as an inferno. Explorers should have good memories. Your provincial audiences sit open-mouthed at your tales of wonderful adventures and hair-breadth escapes. But your friends at the Junior United Service Club wink when they read of them. Your statements, they say, should be taken *cum grano*. Of late you boomed yourself by saying that you were about to make a daring "expedition" across Lapland. But, unfortunately, a troublesome writer in Lord Northcliffe's paper, who signed himself "Yastrib," and hailed from Archangel, pointed out that there were comfortable post-houses all along your "unexplored" route, and advised you to keep to the telegraph wires lest you might lose your way! Then you suddenly were prevented by your medical adviser from starting. How useful doctors are in emergencies! I shall watch with interest your next dash into the unknown.

JOHN BULL.

To Mr. George Spriggs, Speekist, London Spiritualist Alliance.

My Dear Spookhunter,—Referring to your lecture before the members of the London Spiritualist Alliance, I have the honour to permit myself to smile. I am delighted with your yarn about the spirit which, clothed in a white robe, left the circle of influence, opened the door, ran downstairs, returned with a dish of fruit, handed it round, went out again, and returned with a fuchsia bush in his arms. I am no spirit, but I could have done that trick myself, with or without a white robe.

At another seance it seems that you remarked a spirit form in a white gown and a red girdle. This one was greedier than the other, however. It drank half a tumbler of water and ate a biscuit—at any rate, whether or not it ate the biscuit, it certainly took it. Another psychic experience of yours related to spook-weighing. The first time the spook stepped on the scale it weighed 100 lbs., but in a few minutes it evaporated so rapidly that it didn't turn the beam at 80 lbs. This so disgusted it that it fled, but when it returned it registered 104 lbs., thinned off to 102 lbs., and finally evaporated down to 80 lbs., losing as much as 24 lbs. in thirty seconds.

But oh, George, George, are not you committing wilful infanticide? Or is it that you have been weighing intangible shadows in immaterial scales while in a condition of somnolent unconsciousness? Anyhow, tell us some more. There are plenty of people who will believe them. Have you read the Druce case?

JOHN BULL.



THE ONLY WAY.

## IN THE CITY.

## THE COMING ALLSOPP CRISIS.

## MORE QUESTIONS FOR THE SILENT DIRECTORS.

There is still no sign of any desire on the part of the Allsopp directors to reply to any of the nineteen questions we have addressed to them. We venture to hope, however, that the matter is under consideration, and that it will be dealt with *when* the Report and Accounts are published. We emphasise that "when," because we hear of further delays and difficulties connected with the Accounts—and we are not surprised. It will require all the ingenuity of the directors to induce the auditors to sign a Balance Sheet which is anything but hopeless in its character. Whilst, however, the audit is still in progress, we will add a few further questions to those already propounded. For instance:

- (20) Did Mr. Sinclair appoint a Captain Fielder Superintendent of London Public-houses?
- (21) What knowledge or experience of the trade did Captain Fielder possess?
- (22) Is Captain Fielder related by marriage to a great friend of Mr. Sinclair's?
- (23) What is the total of Mr. Sinclair's "expenses"?
- (24) What amount of business does Mr. Sinclair's printing firm do with distillers and other firms from whom Allsopp's buy whisky, etc.?
- (25) Has there been trouble between Mr. Sinclair's printing firm and Messrs. Whiteley in regard to the alleged payment of secret commissions? If so, do not the Directors think it undesirable that their Managing Director should have any personal interest in business with firms with whom Allsopp's deal?
- (26) Has the Company taken over a brewery at Vauxhall which had been closed for some years and has not a single tied house attached to it?
- (27) Is it the fact that the brewery at Burton is not working to anything like its full extent, and, if so, why has a fresh brewery been purchased, involving the employment of an extra staff?

## THE ALBY UNITED CARBIDE FACTORIES, LIMITED.

This Company was formed last year, and took over the business of the old Sun Gas Company, with an additional factory to manufacture carbide of calcium in Norway. There are good men behind it, and the £1 Ordinary shares are now quoted at 1½ to 1¾, but we can see no justification for this big premium, and we doubt whether the shares are worth par, or anything near it.

The total capital of the Company is £235,000, made up of 175,000 Ordinary and 65,000 5½ per cent. cumulative active Preference shares of £1 each. A special settlement has been granted in the £100,000 fully-paid shares, and these shares have been dealt in in the market at somewhere in the neighbourhood of 30s.—or a little higher. Shareholders will remember the optimistic statements made by Mr. A. E. Barton, the Chairman of the Company, at the annual meeting, and it is not perhaps unfair to suggest that they were in some measure influenced by the necessity the Company is under, or will shortly be under, of raising new capital. We should like to put the following questions to the directors, which we suggest ought to be answered before shareholders are asked to find more capital:—

1. The balance sheet shows an expenditure of £32,000 odd for expenses in connection with the issue of the Company's capital, etc., which are stated to be "inseparable from an undertaking of this kind."

Is it not a fact that no other carbide factory has incurred a tithe of such expenses? Is it not, on the other hand, a fact that the latest carbide factory started in Norway, viz., the Ilen Carbide Factory at Trondhjem, which has been built for 4,400 horse-power, has a *total capital* of only about one-quarter of the above £32,000, although the Ilen Factory possesses everything which the Odda Factory possesses, and many advantages which Odda lacks? Into whose pockets has this sum of £32,000 gone?

2. The directors have voted their chairman £3,500 for "special services." What are these special services?

Was this sum voted because the chairman secured a lease of power, which had been offered to and declined by practically all other carbide makers? Or was it because the chairman arranged to pay a higher price per horse-power than several of his competitors, for instance, the Ilen factory mentioned above, pay?

3. The chairman speaks of £150,000 profit. Is it not a fact that not one of the directors, or any member of the British staff of the Company, aye, not even the "expert" Mr. Weekes, had ever been in a carbide factory, or had anything to do with the manufacture of carbide, before the Alby Factory was bought? Is this calculation of probable profit arrived at in the same way as the 20 per cent. dividend which we seem to recollect Mr. Barton said at the previous meeting had already been earned? Where is the dividend of 20 per cent? Is it not a fact that Alby, instead of earning the dividend of 20 per cent. in 1907, actually made a heavy loss? And is it not a fact that the prices for carbide for next year show a heavy fall as compared with 1907?

4. Is it not the general opinion of the trade that the new Alby Factory, owing to its unique expenses for promotion; its over-capitalization; its expensive Board and staff; its dear power; and other disadvantages, will have difficulty to hold its own in 1908, when the competition comes about which the greatly increased production, due chiefly to the ignorance of the carbide trade of the Alby Directors, is bound to cause?

5. Mr. Barton stated at one of the previous meetings that a supply of limestone, the chief raw material for making carbide, had been found within a stone's throw of the factory. Is it not a fact that this "stone's throw" (or, rather, a flight from the long bow) is in reality a journey of eight to ten hours by water? Is this one statement characteristic of the accuracy of Mr. Barton's estimates generally?

6. Can Mr. Barton produce one single well-known carbide expert, outside his own Company, who will venture to assert that either the Alby, Meraker, or Odda Factory can compete in cost of manufacture with, for instance, the above-mentioned Ilen factory, not to speak of others?

7. Is it not generally known in the trade that many of the contracts expected by Mr. Barton to produce such large profits have been made, owing to the ignorance of the carbide trade of the Alby directors, with firms who will have great difficulty in carrying out their engagements if the market goes against them?

8. Is it not a fact that although the Alby Company made a loss in 1907, in spite of the high prices, other carbide factories, working under much the same conditions, have paid a dividend?

9. Did not Mr. Barton make the same glowing statements about the Atkins Dry Process as he now makes about the carbide manufacture; is it not a fact that even when he made these glowing statements this dry process was an absolute failure? If not, why has the dry process been quietly dropped?

10. Is it not a fact that the shares of other carbide factories, which paid a dividend in 1907, and thus presumably are better placed for competition than the Alby Factory, can be obtained at par, and if so, what justifies a premium for the Alby shares?

11. Is it not a fact that, although Mr. Barton led the last general meeting to believe that the new factory at Odda will be ready by the end of the year, the power plant to supply this factory cannot possibly be ready so soon, so that at any rate a great part of the book year will have elapsed before the execution of the brilliant contracts—according to Mr. Barton—can commence? And is it not true that other factories have already completed their extensions and are already in the market before Odda even approaches completion?

12. Did not the Atkins dry generation process (to acquire which this Company was originally formed) show a practically negative, even an absolutely hopeless, result before that business was acquired by this Company?

13. Is it not a fact that this Company asked its present associates in the cyanamide business, the Societa Italiana del Carburio di Calico (not to speak of others), to take up its dry process, and did not the Italian Company—and others—politely, but firmly, refuse?

14. Is it not a fact that the master patent for the Frank's cyanamide process (in which this Company has taken so large an interest) expires in little more than a year?

15. And, lastly, is it not a fact that nearly one-fifth of this Company's capital, viz., £32,000 odd for preliminary expenses and £10,000 for the dry generation process, are represented by no available assets, against which £200 have been written off this year, so that at this rate this loss will be written off in about 200 years?

HOW TO INCREASE YOUR INCOME.—Striking Success. Write at once for pamphlet, which will be sent post free on mentioning this paper. THE CITY AND WESTMINSTER EXCHANGE, LTD., Stock and Share Dealers, QUEEN ANNE'S CHAMBERS, WESTMINSTER, S.W. Telephone Nos.: 657 Westminster and 7765 Gerrard. Tele. Ad.: "Stockwork," London.—ADVE.

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In our opinion, the worthy gentlemen who are associated with Mr. Barton, and the shareholders generally, will do well to appoint a small committee to obtain the opinion of competent persons about the expenditure at the Alby factories, and the conduct of its business generally.

#### ETRUSCAN COPPER.

A meeting of the debenture holders of the Etruscan Copper Estates, Ltd., was held on Thursday, when the chairman announced that production had been stopped, "as there was no sense in running the mine for the mere sake of running it." Most true, but it is a pity that this very obvious truth was not acted upon earlier. A lump of money would have been saved to proprietors—a most grateful body if the observation of one of the debenture holders at the meeting may be taken to represent the feeling of the proprietors generally. "He was convinced," said this modern Mark Tapley, "that the Etruscan mine was a copper-producing property, and that no one could limit the possibility of such a property any more than it was possible to limit their debt of gratitude to the Board for all they had done for the proprietors."

#### NEW ISSUE.

**CRESCENT WOLFRAM ESTATES, LIMITED**, has been formed with a capital of £100,000, divided into 20,000 Ordinary shares of £1 each, and 20,000 Deferred shares of 1s. each, 80,000 Ordinary shares being now offered to the public, for the purpose of acquiring and working a valuable tungsten property in Boulder County, Colorado. There is a growing demand for tungsten which is not adequately met by existing supplies, tungsten in its metallic form being used for hardening high speed tool and special steels. The present Company will work the deposits of wolfram on their property, situate near Crescent City, Boulder County, Colorado, U.S.A., and sell the concentrates of ore containing tungsten acid, manufacturing ferro-tungsten, or metallic tungsten. Reports upon the property, made by Mr. Alex. Gillilan and Professor Lindemann, speak to the value of the wolfram deposits, and an estimate of profit shows sufficient to pay large dividends. The purchase price has been fixed at £31,000, of which only £5,000 is to be paid in cash. The deferred shares, which are taken by the vendors, receive a moiety of the balance of profits after the ordinary shares have received a dividend of 15 per cent. The present issue, of which £37,500 has been underwritten, will provide £45,000 working capital.

#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

**VARIOUS SHARES.**—**BRISTOLIAN** (Bristol).—(1) We should hold Nos. 3 and 5. (2) We think well of the future of the Strand Hotel Company under the management of Messrs. Lyons. (3) The shares of the Liverpool Victoria Insurance Company, though, of course, speculative, are likely to represent, by and bye, a sound business. (4) We should leave the Masawattee Tea shares alone. (5) As to the £300—what interest will satisfy you? **MONMOUTH** (Llanvair).—You have a mixed and not very promising lot. We should hold them until the markets improve a little, and then sell for what you can get, and invest in dividend-paying concerns.

**CAPITAL FOR BUSINESS.**—**PURVESIA** (Ingatstone).—You could, of course, get something on the furniture and policy. You do not say how much you want.

**OUTSIDE BROKERS.**—**D. E. P.** (Edinburgh).—You should purchase through a foreign bank, say the Credit Lyonnais. **O. W.** (Penarth).—Have nothing to do with the people you name.

**LIVERPOOL VICTORIA FRIENDLY SOCIETY.**—**O.** (Ilford).—We are obliged for your letter. We were, of course, aware of the facts you refer to. We see no reason why you should not buy the shares when the Company comes out.

**PROVIDENT ASSOCIATION OF LONDON.**—**S. G.** (Hammermith).—The Company is financially strong.

**PURCHASE OF BONDS.**—**O. W.** (Penarth).—As we have frequently said before, the Bonds are quite genuine, but if you buy from the people you name you will pay about 30 per cent. over the market price. **READER** (Welkestone).—See our reply to **O. W.**

**ORANGE OF SOCIETY.**—**SEMPER PARUM** (Leicester).—The society you name is respectably managed, but we see no advantage in changing from the one of which you are a member at present.

**BANK SHARES.**—**THANKFUL** (Peter Street).—Bank shares are amongst the safest of investments, but the objection to them is the large uncalled capital attached to the shares of many of them. For example, the London Joint Stock Bank shares of £100 have only £15 paid, Parr's Bank has £100 shares with £30 paid, and so on. But there are banks of standing upon whose shares the liability is small and, in some cases, trifling.

**NITRATE SECURITIES TRUST.**—**F. T.** (Westbourne Park Road).—It would be a very risky purchase.

**£1,000 A YEAR COMPETITION.**—**SUBSCRIBER** (Bristol).—We are much obliged for your letter, and agree with your comments.

**HAYN AND CO.**—**B. H.** (Cardiff).—You should instruct a member of the Stock Exchange to sell for you.

**INTEREST UPON MORTGAGE.**—**A. J. P.** (Griffithstone).—The fact that the Bank rate is 7 per cent. would not warrant the charge you apparently have in mind for a loan in the shape of a mortgage on freehold house property, with an ample margin for safety. We thank you for your kind expressions with regard to **JOHN BULL**.

**SAFE INVESTMENT.**—**W. T.** (Putney).—We think you had much better leave your £25 in the Savings Bank, where it is safe. The additional interest you could get by investing elsewhere would be trifling, and not worth the trouble involved in changing.

**WOLKINGTON IRON COMPANY.**—**O. B. K.** (Wigan).—We see little likelihood of much early recovery in these shares.

**AMERICAN GOLD MINES.**—**OTHEO** (Tetalyfoea).—Have nothing to do with the Yankee wild cat you mention.

**LONDON, EDINBURGH AND GLASGOW INSURANCE COMPANY.**—**OTHEO** (Cardiff).—The point is an important one. We will look into it and answer you in our next issue.

**INVESTMENT OF £1,000.**—**HORSFUS** (Othertis).—If you put the money into the shares of the National Bank you would get 2 per cent. more in the way of yield than from Consols even at their present low price, with practically equal security. You must, however, remember that the shares are £50, upon which only £10 have been called up, and, in addition to the uncalled liability, the shareholders are liable for the notes in circulation, amounting to £1,133,500.

**COPPER COMPANY'S CERTIFICATE.**—**BULLITE** FROM No. 1 (Harrogate).—There has obviously been some irregularity. The certificate should have been sent to you in due course. As to the value of the shares, we are afraid they are unsaleable.

**COLT GUN LIMITED.**—**OTHEO** (Carnarvon).—The two official circulars you send us speak for themselves. The plight of the Company was desperate, and the shareholders were applied to to find more capital, which they declined to do. In our opinion they were very wise in so declining, but the inevitable result was the circular since sent out by the Secretary intimating that there is nothing for it but to wind up the concern. It has been a hopeless enterprise from the first when the public were asked to pay £300,000 for patents of very doubtful value.

**GRAND TRUNK ORDINARY.**—**TRUNK** (Isle of Ely).—We consider this one of the most promising investments for those who can afford to put the certificates away and forget them for a year or two. The capital value is bound to steadily appreciate. We thank you for your courteous references to **JOHN BULL**.

**BRITISH MUTUALS AND BIOGRAPH COMPANY, LIMITED.**—**J. T. G.** (New Barnet).—We observe that Mr. W. F. Smadley, who was chairman of the old Company, proposes to form a Company to be known as the "Bio Trust, Limited," which has been registered with a capital of £250,000, divided into 250,000 shares of 1s. each. The Company has also power to issue debentures, and will issue at once debentures for £25,000. According to his own statement, Mr. Smadley has entered into a contract to purchase from the Trustees for the holders of debenture stock the whole of the assets of the old Company for the sum of £30,000, payable in cash, and he proposes to sell this interest to the Bio Trust, Limited, for the sum of £30,000 and the issue to him of £49,495 shares. In other words, he takes the whole of the share capital plus £30,000, and apparently he proposes to raise working capital by offering to you and other of the old shareholders shares in the Bio Trust, Limited, at a big discount. We think you would be foolish to accept the offer.

**SHARES IN COMPANY.**—**AM NOT DOWN** (Streatham).—We really cannot enter into long explanations such as you ask for about four shares of the value of 1s. each.

**RAILWAY SHARES.**—**M. B.** (Cardiff).—Now is the time to buy.

**SAFETY OF BANK.**—**O. B.** (Wandsworth Common).—It is a young institution, but, so far as we know, solvent.

**BEST INSURANCE COMPANY.**—**BULLITE** (Heysham).—(1) The terms differ very much with different high class Companies. For instance, in the Law Union an annual premium of £10 (age 30 at entry) purchases a policy of £414 with profits. When the policy has been 35 years in force—which term is the expectation of life of a man aged 30—the sum insured will be increased by means of bonuses to £698. The same premium paid to the British Equitable will purchase a policy of £400, which will amount to only £544 at the end of 35 years, or £154 less than in the first office. (2) As to the Independent Order of Foresters, we never recommend American concerns.

**BURGLARY AND HOUSE BREAKING POLICY.**—**S. W. J.** (Winchley).—If the facts are as you state them, we are surprised that a Company of the standing of the Royal Exchange Assurance Company should take up the position you describe. You say that you hold a Burglary and House Breaking policy with this Company, and that about a month ago a man called at your house during your absence, representing himself to come from the Water Company, stating he had instructions to examine the cistern. After some time he was admitted and conducted to the cistern, which is over the landing. When he had examined the cistern, he asked the maid to get him a glass for the purpose of taking a sample of the water. This occupied a few moments only, during which time he entered your wife's bedroom (which is on the same landing) and helped himself to a watch bracelet, value about £6 6s. When the loss was discovered you reported the matter to the police, but so far they have not been able to trace the thief. The Insurance Company now repudiate any liability on the ground that it was not either burglary nor housebreaking. According to the terms of the policy, as the man was lawfully on the premises, they say they cannot entertain your claim. We agree with you that, although the man was on your premises to the knowledge of occupants of the house, he was not there lawfully, as he entered by false pretences. No doubt the Company relies upon the word "forcible" in their definition of burglary, "forcible or violent entry into the premises," and so on; and of housebreaking, "theft consequent on forcible entry." Quite possibly the Courts would sustain them in that interpretation, but this is an illustration of one of the legitimate grounds of complaint the public have against Insurance Companies. A plain man who insures against burglary imagines that if a burglar gets into his house and steals something from it he is entitled to recover from the Company with which he is insured. He does not know that there must be "forcible" entrance. It is sufficient for him that he has suffered from a thief visiting his house, whether he be there by breaking through a window or by a lying statement.

**PREMIUM BONDS.**—**E. B. P.** (Burnham).—(1) The Bonds are genuine enough. (2) The people you name charge about 30 per cent. above the market value. (3) Have no dealings with the firm in question. **A. W.** (Penarth).—We have frequently said that we see no particular advantage in investing in these Bonds, but, as it is quite clear from the number of letters we receive that they have attractions for many of our readers, owing to the element of chance introduced, the possibility—though we must add the remote possibility—of getting a prize, we answer your inquiry at some little length for the benefit of our readers generally. Continental Premium Bonds take the same place on the Continent as our own Corporation stocks. The average rate of interest is 2½ per cent., and the Bonds are redeemable within a fixed number of years by Drawings several times a year or at the least at par. The low rate of interest enables the Municipalities to set aside considerable sums of money for the drawing of premiums, which range from small sums up to £20,000. The capital, interest, and premiums are guaranteed by the respective Municipalities, and the Bonds are freely marketable and keep steady in value from year to year. Such Bonds as those of the City of Antwerp, City of Brussels, and City of Paris are all first-class, and, in fact, gilt-edged securities. A large sum of money is invested on the Continent in the various issues, and, although this method has not hitherto been very familiar to the British investing public, it has great attractions for foreign holders. The Bonds are all to bearer, with interest coupon attached. These Bonds, as many of our readers know from the circulars with which they are pestered, are dealt in by numerous outside brokers. These brokers deal in genuine Bonds, but often offer, and seek to sell, to the public (who know little about the difference between one class of bond and another) Bonds for which there is little or no market, or which do not bear interest. Where they sell first-class Bonds such as those quoted above they almost invariably charge from 20 to 30 per cent. higher than the fair market price of the Bonds. That is why we so frequently advise our readers to have nothing to do with the people who most frequently invite them to buy these Bonds.

We would direct the attention of our readers to the new publication, "Handicrafts," published by Odhams Limited, at 67, Long Acre, London. It is issued weekly, price 1d., and should prove indispensable to fretworkers, coin and stamp collectors, and all other devotees of home industries.

# CRESCENT WOLFRAM ESTATES Ltd.

(Capital - £100,000).

Notice is hereby given that a Prospectus of this Company is being issued.

The Prospectus has been filed with the Registrar of Joint Stock Companies.

**80,000 £1 Ordinary Shares are offered for subscription, payable:**

**2s. per Share on Application.**

**3s. per Share on Allotment.**

**5s. per Share one month after Allotment.**

**5s. per Share two months after Allotment.**

**5s. per Share three months after Allotment.**

## DIRECTORS.

AMOS NELSON, of Gwen Lodge, Nelson, Manufacturer.  
HITCHON HITCHON, of Lauriston, Rochdale, Cotton Spinner.

JOHN JAMES SMITHIES, of Atlas Works, Rochdale, Steel Merchant.

WILLIAM HENRY WALLER, of Netherleigh, Wilpshire, Blackburn, Cotton Spinner.

WILLIAM JACKSON, of Melbourne Villas, Crumpsall, Manchester, Marble Merchant.

## BANKERS.

LLOYDS BANK LIMITED, Manchester.

## SOLICITORS.

ROWLEY AND CO., 3, Kennedy Street, Manchester.

## BROKERS.

DIMMOCK BROTHERS, Examiner Buildings and Stock Exchange, Manchester.

This Company has been formed to acquire and work a valuable Tungsten property of 320 acres, situate in Boulder County, Colorado.

Tungsten is now in general use by all the large Steel Tool Manufacturers of the world.

**THE DEMAND FOR TUNGSTEN MUCH EXCEEDS THE SUPPLY.**

**THE DEMAND AT PRESENT IS LARGELY INCREASING.**

It is estimated by the Prospectus that the Company should earn a net profit of some £30,675 per annum.

37,500 of the Ordinary Shares now offered for subscription have been underwritten.

**THE COMPANY HAS THUS SECURED THE AMOUNT OF CASH WORKING CAPITAL NECESSARY TO PRODUCE THE ESTIMATED RESULT SET OUT IN THE PROSPECTUS.**

The present issue will provide for the Company some **£45,590** cash working capital.

Subscriptions for shares will be received by Lloyds Bank Limited, Manchester, or any of its Branches.

Prospectuses and Application Forms can be obtained from the Company's Bankers, Solicitors and Brokers, or from THE SECRETARY OF CRESCENT WOLFRAM ESTATES, LIMITED, Parr's Bank Buildings, 3, York Street, Manchester.

Please forward me Prospectus and Application Form.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

## AMONG THE LAWYERS.

### MR. BOTTOMLEY AND THE OFFICIAL RECEIVER.

#### STATEMENT OF CLAIM SERVED.

The Official Receiver, Mr. Brougham, having, through the Solicitor to the Board of Trade, duly entered an appearance to the writ for libel recently served upon him by Mr. Horatio Bottomley, M.P., has now been served with the Statement of Claim in the action—the same having been settled by Mr. F. E. Smith, M.P., who, it will be remembered, appeared for the other members of the Board at the recent Public Examination of Mr. Bottomley into the affairs of the Joint Stock Trust and Finance Corporation. It now remains to be seen whether the Official Receiver will plead to the Statement of Claim in the ordinary way, or will raise the defence of "Privilege."

### CHAMPERTY AND THE DRUCE CASE.

Having regard to the formation of a limited company to exploit a claim to the great Page Estate following the recent exploits of G. H. Druce, Limited, it may be of interest to know that prior to the year 1897 grave risks would have been run by the flotation of such an enterprise. By a statute passed in the reign of Henry VIII. (32Hy. VIII. cap. 9) Champerty, which in this statute is defined as the buying and selling of titles, land, and so on, whereof the vendor has not been in possession or in receipt of the lands and profits for a year, was prohibited, the penalty for an offence being the forfeiture of the value of such lands by both the vendor and purchaser to the King and the Prosecutor (Informers). This means that any member of the public might have applied for and obtained the fiat of the Attorney-General, whereupon he could have sued both the claimant, say, G. H. Druce, and, or, the other parties concerned in the Company, for Champerty, claiming the value of the Portland estates for the King and himself in equal moieties, both from the claimant and the Company. The sections of the Act of Henry VIII. relating to Champerty were, however, repealed by 60 and 61 Vict. cap 65, s. 11, thus leaving shares and such claims open to the small speculator.

### "A" NOT "E."

Our attention has been directed to the paragraph in our issue of November 23rd upon the Court of Criminal Appeal, in which we refer to Mr. Justice Lawrence as one of the three weakest members of the High Court Bench, and it has been suggested to us that we mean Mr. Justice Lawrence. That, of course, is so. Our reference was intended for the judge who is known by the irreverent junior bar as "Long Lawrence." Mr. Justice A. T. Lawrence is one of the ablest of the judges.

### VOIDABLE POLICIES.

Judge Hamilton, of the Preston County Court, made some severe, but by no means too severe, remarks, consequent upon a case before him, upon the methods of certain Insurance Companies. It appears that an Irish domestic servant had insured the life of her mother, and had paid £12 7s. 6d. in premiums. As she says, she paid the premiums on the understanding that she could get an advance on the policy, but when she made application it was refused. However that may be, the defence was that the plaintiff had been paying upon a voidable policy—a daughter having no insurable interest in her mother. At the hearing plaintiff's advocate pointed out that the number of the policy was 5,677,440, and wondered, as well he might, how many voidable policies had been issued in that number. In giving judgment for the plaintiff, Judge Hamilton said that "tens of thousands of such policies had been granted, and some Companies adopted the method in order to bring profit to their shareholders." His Honour added that "the Government may think it desirable to inquire into the way Insurance Companies conduct their business."

### "BUT THE EXPENSE."

That is the first objection when the boys hanker after billiards at home. "Besides, we haven't room." But an ordinary room will easily hold a miniature table, on which you require as much skill as on a full-sized table. There is no dressing to turn out; one merely goes into the next room. Moreover, mothers and daughters can join. An ordinary dining table accommodates the outfit, or a convertible dining and billiard table is supplied. The best assurance on the question of expense is a perusal of the astonishingly low prices and easy terms to Messrs. E. J. Riley, Ltd., Imperial Billiard Mills, Accrington, the people who make these miniature tables. Better write them to-day.—[ADV.]

## THE HURLY BURLY.

BY THEODORE DAHLE.

## XXXV.—"FACING THE MUSIC."

A few days ago the dead bodies of a man and a woman were found bound together in the Thames. They were husband and wife; the woman an artist, the man a literary worker. They were poor, but not without lodging. They sometimes went hungry, but they did not starve. They suffered mentally in their struggle for existence, but they had health to continue the fight. Hard hit they were, in their ambition, their hopes, their ideals, but they were not downed. It appears that the woman had decided to "withdraw from the struggle owing chiefly to the pushing, grabbing, struggling attitude of the majority in the race for wealth," and that the man, having "opposed her decision for many months," eventually "decided to yield to her wishes." "Without her company there is for me no pleasure in life," he wrote. He added the remarkable statement that "in the days to come the lethal chamber will be found in all civilised communities, and suicide, instead of being consummated in secrecy, will be openly permitted."

Now, whatever may be said or thought on the question of the ethical right of any human creature to take himself out of the world, it is obvious that the man and the woman in this case were without the grit and stamina to fight the good fight in it. They had lost belief in themselves. They had lost faith in their work. They had lost hope in their effort; gone bankrupt in every asset which makes for any kind of success, the smallest as the greatest. Whether it is or is not true, as Browning says, that "God's in his heaven, all's right with the world," this truth stands clear. Life is not a rocking chair, except for a very few of us. It is not peace, but a word. It is war, war, and for ever war. No rhetoric this, but the hardest of hard facts. The man who would win must fight. Given health, no man need fight in vain. He may fall, but he cannot fail.

Please do not misunderstand my meaning. It is quite easy to fail to be rich. It is still easier to fail to be great. But success in life is not necessarily either riches or greatness, as riches and greatness are commonly understood. Men succeed when they achieve the best that is in them. Most of us set out in life as one of our women novelists has said in a fine phrase, to build a cathedral, and we end by contriving a mud hut. But that is not failure. If the mud hut is good of its kind, if it stands for the best that is in us—for courageous effort, for endurance, for contentment, for the restful days which follow the battle and the storm, the thunder of the captains and the shouting—it is success.

Get fast hold of that bit of philosophy and you will not commit suicide. People do not commit suicide because of failure, but because of a morbid fear of failure. This is not the day of miracles. They no longer happen. The clouds do not rain manna. There is nobody who can feed five thousand people to repletion with five loaves and two fishes, and still have enough food over to fill twelve baskets; though the view of the Spaniards may be true that the Lord sends nuts and the devil sends teeth. We none of us get much of anything without effort, and even less without tribulation; effort constant and enduring, tribulation sharp and bitter. But that is not only at the basis of life; it is the condition of life. It is futile for any man to demand that he shall be cushioned against adversity, that his life's path shall be made easy for him. The world may be rightly or wrongly ordered. God or devil may be the stronger hand in it. It is not my right here to argue that. But it is certain that the world as created, or "evolved," is not for babies, but for men.

There are circumstances and conditions in which life is not worth the living. But they do not arise out of the fear of failure, or the buffetings of fortune, or the disappointments of ambition, or the slow recognition of merit. Effort is a ten-thousand-times-greater thing than achievement. But if in the struggle it chances that disease makes fight impossible, makes life itself a hell of agony, it would be hard indeed to contest the ethical right of the victim to seek the rest which knows no sorrow, no agony, and no tears. Outside this unendurable agony of disease I cannot conceive of suicide being anything except the act of cowardice. For brave men and women life never ceases to hold a hope of better, sunnier days.



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A BLADE FOR EVERY DAY in the WEEK.

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## A Message to all Rheumatic Sufferers.

### ELECTRICITY OFFERS A CURE.

Who does not know those grinding, unbearable pains of Rheumatism, Sciatica, or Lumbago? This common complaint knows no distinction of age, sex, or class. The causes of the trouble are still a matter of debate amongst medical men, and one of the first in which it was discovered that electricity has an astonishing and permanent effect. The names of medical men who have associated themselves with the electric treatment of the disease are a guarantee in themselves.

Dr. Mitchell Bruce is one of the greatest authorities on this disease. He says that the use of the continuous galvanic current in cases of Muscular Rheumatism occasionally dispels the pain and stiffness almost immediately.

Dr. Erb tells us "the cure of Muscular Rheumatism certainly belongs to the most hopeful province of Electro Therapeutics."

Dr. Karl Nordhorst, of Wiesbaden, reports on 71 cases in which he tried electrical treatment, and out of which there was not one patient who did not derive considerable benefit from it, and only five who were not completely cured at the time of making the report.

"In chronic and sub-acute forms of joint trouble, whether rheumatic, rheumatoid, or gouty," writes Dr. W. S. Hedley, "and in muscular conditions having a similar origin, the usefulness of electrical treatment seems to lie (1st) in the power of removing inflammatory products by the quickening of the circulation and dilatation of the blood vessels that follow localised applications; (2nd) in the stimulant and alternative effect upon general nutrition of generalised electrical applications."

It can be seen that the electrical treatment of Rheumatism is not a new thing or an experiment. Its repeated and remarkable success proves it to be a certainty. The most convenient and effective means known for applying the current is the "Ajax" Dry-Cell Body Battery. This is an entirely new treatment, the battery being capable of generating a current of great volume continually, with no charging or preparation whatever. It will cure any case of Rheumatism that will yield to electricity.

All readers of JOHN BULL should write at once to The British Electric Institute (Dept. 41), 25, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C., and get their free book on the subject. It does not cost you a penny, and will give you much useful information.—[ADVT.]



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## BULL'S EYES.

### SOME UNFOUNDED RUMOURS:—

That Dr. Dakhyl's motto will now be, "Magna est veritas et prevalebit."—That Kaid Maclean thinks the Government very Liberal.—That "Guards' Mess" is an accurate description of a recent case.—That London will welcome its Poet in a "Short" measure.—That "the Dickens" and "Druce take it" are favourite expressions in the Portland family.—That a device for abolishing fogs has been invented by a well-known burglar.—That the distinguishing characteristic of a Socialist is sociability.—That mouse colour is the favourite tint among the suffragettes.—That the Mile End disclosures are not enough to make one expect-a-rate.—That a three-cornered billiard table is being constructed.—That a series of State Limerick Competitions to raise funds for Old Age Pensions is in contemplation.

While delivering an address on "Are Men Honest?" a Boston lecturer had his gold watch stolen. He knows now.

A new "reception" room is being built at Pentonville. Many of those who use it will doubtless feel "At home."

"Mrs. Ellison's Answer" has been withdrawn after only six performances. Evidently the "response" was a poor one.

It is stated that only twenty per cent. of the adult male population of America are clean-shaven. We thought all Yankees were barefaced.

M. Ilg, the Emperor Menelek's Councillor of State, has been disgraced, and his estates sequestered. Were they Ilg-otten gains?

The Kaiser found England in a fog. Unkind naval and military critics are saying that a hostile army might do the same.

"Gold Coins Unpopular," reads a news heading. We've not noticed it.

At Midhurst a man named Parfact has been sentenced to a month's hard labour for stealing a penny packet of tea. A little tannin would have more "fitted the crime."

Telephones from the pulpit to the pews have been placed in the Yeovil Baptist Chapel for the benefit of deaf members of the congregation. The minister will now be able to "wire into" them.

"Let women have spheres of their own and leave getting married to the Lord," says General Booth. But woman's sphere is that she won't get married.

"I was lost in the fog," said a West Ham man, charged with drunkenness. Or was it a Scotch mist?

"Capital is looking for work," says a contemporary, in a financial article. The Unemployed will welcome such a recruit with open hands.

A combine in the button trade is the latest. It ought to keep things together.

A French naval officer has invented a luminous shell. But won't the enemy make light of them?

"The Thief" is the name of a new play. It should "take."

"Youths between twelve and sixteen give the best evidence," says the Islington coroner. They have not reached years of discretion.

"Lady Phyllis" in the *Bystander* wishes that someone would "invent a game to be played in the twilight." There is one, but only two can play at it.

"Girls may cry for the moon," says one of the characters in "The Sins of Society." The honeymoon, of course!

The premises of Messrs. Francis, Day and Hunter, the well-known music publishers, have been burgled, but they are not going to "make a song about it."

At a church in Coventry, men will be allowed to smoke. Organ-pipes or churchwardens?

Locked in a confessional box by an irreverent visitor, a priest had to be released by a locksmith. We hope they found the monk-key.

During the hearing of the Druce case several journalists sought accommodation in the dock. Some of their sentences were heavy.

Lord Li is the new Chinese Minister. A rather good name for a diplomat.

#### ALL TAKERS:—

A sailor takes the biscuit.  
A baker takes the cake.  
A soldier takes the oath.  
A tailor takes your measure.  
A bank clerk takes your takings.  
A policeman takes the d. and d.  
A publican takes the mug.  
A pawnbroker takes the pledge.  
A reporter takes your speech away.  
A compositor takes the "take."  
A clerk takes his cuffs.  
A detective rightly takes the wrong 'un.  
A railway porter takes every tip.  
A landlord takes a rent for a patch.  
A fisherman takes his hook.  
A fishmonger takes his plaice.  
An actor-manager takes the stars.  
A vocalist takes the air.  
A bishop takes the see.  
A shoemaker takes the last.  
A billiard player takes the rest.

This might have been expressed differently:—"Patti found life alone to be more than she could bear, and in 1899, when she was nearing 60, she took unto herself a third mate, one Baron Rolf Cederstrom, a Swede, *who still lives.*"

The *Daily News* is advertising some excellent pamphlets, but the reading is certainly quaint. Under the heading "What the Liberals Have Done For," we get "The Taxpayer, the Children, the Army, the Empire, the Land, Trade, and Labour." What will they "do for" next?

A Lambeth undertaker says:—"Business is bad, and it is getting worse." Even coffins are "going."

A Worksop widow drew £11 insurance money on the death of her husband, and spent it as follows:—Forty-seven funeral teas for adults at 9d. each, 12 teas for children at 6d. each, £2 1s. 3d.; mourning apparel, £4 5s.; coffin and hearse, £4 10s.; balance, 3s. 9d. The balance will pay for a memoriam advertisement.

Mr. Buckmaster asserts "The history of a nation's cooking is the history of a nation's manhood." And the cause of a nation's widowhood very often.

The medical officer of the Clogheen Guardians reports that some of the eggs supplied exploded when put into water. *Moral*—Never drink water before eating eggs.

The Speaker says that "the best orators do not make the best speeches." Nor write them either, he might have added.

Two Tottenham men who stole a bicycle sold it for 13s. 6d., and a hair cut. Now they are going to have another hair cut:

Sir William Richmond, R.A., complains that the stench of a fire-lighter factory near his house is so overpowering that he cannot smell flowers. He should plant some dandelions.

Rayner, Mr. Whiteley's murderer, has been sentenced to solitary confinement and bread and water diet for attempting suicide. The Gaol Governor evidently wants him to take a more cheerful view of life.

Mr. G. H. Druce offers to sell shares in his claim against the Duke of Portland's estates at £4 a share. A good sell, certainly.

Chelsea Football Club has been trying to get Bloomer of Middlesbrough. Haven't they had "bloomers" enough this season?

"I call for A. Bass," said a solicitor at the Bow County Court recently. But he was at the wrong bar.

"M.P. in a Fog," a paragraph is headed. The papers must be very short of "news."

A Mile-end tailor recently stated that his charges depended upon the size of his customer. And, of course, their sighs depend upon his charges.

The *Express* tells its readers "How to test Chestnuts." Immediately below we read "See *Pearson's Weekly*."

A women's political demonstration at Hitchin has been dispersed by gas. A case of like curing like.

## JOHN BULL AT CHRISTMAS.

John Bull is never so particular about his appearance as at the time when relatives and friends gather round the festive board to do honour to the occasion which marks many a family reunion.

This Christmas it will be the privilege of every lady to ensure the smart appearance of a gentleman by presenting him with EVERITT'S PATENT TROUSERS PRESS. It is the most original and useful present, and is as good as it looks.

Our new "J" Booklet, beautifully illustrated, contains particulars of many unique pieces of Dressing Room Furniture. It is yours for a postcard to the Everitt Press Manufacturing Co., 17, Laurence Pountney Lane, Cannon Street, London, E.C.—[Advt.]

F.W.E.



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**GREAT**  
**ENGLISH REMEDY**  
*Established 1874.*  
**SAVES MANY LIVES.**

The Best, Safest and Surest  
Remedy known for Chill,  
**COUGHS, COLDS,**  
and Throat and Chest Affections, is—

**Owbridge's**

THE OLD ORIGINAL and  
**World-Famous Lung Tonic.**

**PUBLIC SPEAKERS, SINGERS,**  
and those who suffer from  
**THROAT WEAKNESS**  
**FIND IT SAFE AND EFFECTIVE.**

*Beware of Substitutes;*  
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Lung Tonic and **TAKE NO OTHER.**

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**W. T. OWBRIDGE, Ltd., Hull.**  
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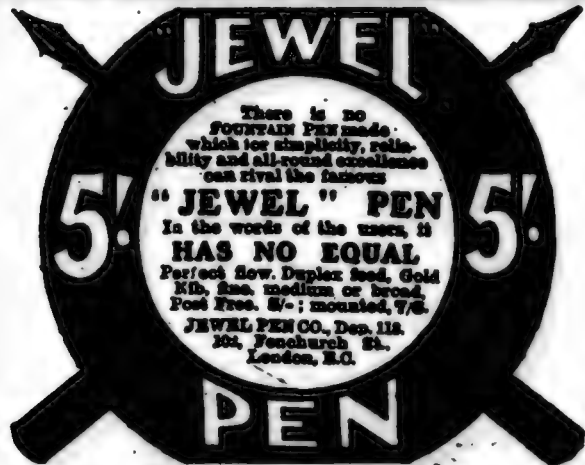
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WILLIAM E. RICHARDS, Managing Director.

## JOHN BULL'S LETTER BAG.

[THE EDITOR replies to, and has a chat with, some of his numerous correspondents.]

**NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.**—Will readers when sending cuttings from newspapers take care that in each case a sufficient portion is sent to identify the name of the paper and the date of issue?

We wish to make a piteous appeal to our readers. By nearly every post we receive about a van-load of letters enclosing circulars from the London Premium Tea Co., the John D. Macdonald Co., J. Dixon and Co., and other swindling concerns which we have exposed over and over again. Our correspondents evidently still imagine that they have made a wonderful discovery, for they exclaim that, with our hatred of shams, we shall doubtless welcome the opportunity of exposing a fresh one. Some of them even go so far as to enclose stamped envelopes for the return of the precious circulars. Others send us copies of the witty replies they have sent to the swindlers. Many express curiosity as to the way in which their signatures have been obtained, though we have often pointed out that there is a regular trade in the letters of people who apply for free samples, enter competitions, etc. Now, with all due respect, we cannot indulge in vain repetitions for ever and ever. Correspondents, therefore, who persist in inquiring about them, must please not be very angry with us if their letters remain unanswered.

W. G. P. (Islington).—It is strange that the *People* and the *Evening Standard* should both have made the same idiotic mistake.

C. G. (Shoreditch).—It is becoming quite a popular blunder.

P. A. B. (Torquay) sends us advertisements of "a churchyard cough," with a testimonial from a gentleman whose picture is given quite differently in *Lloyd's News* and the *Sunday Companion*. In one paper he appears to be coughing a lovely cough with enjoyment. In the other he has grown whiskers and other forms of face-fungus and looks so serious that we do not believe he could cough for nuts.

R. W. (Temple Bar).—We are not a business and partnership agency, and are sorry we cannot help you.

"OLD CAIAN" (Glasgow).—We will try some day to indicate a plan for a non-party System of Government. Sorry you don't like Mrs. Bull's page, but we daren't tell her so.

E. P. R. (Eastbourne) and H. R. C. (Llanishen).—You are very kind. They shall be duly awarded.

A. W. B. (Ashford).—We do not quite understand your poem. But we will never say "boah!" to your mackintosh.

G. Y. C. (Redditch).—Never be afraid of trespassing on our space. We will take care of that.

R. M. (London) asks whether we think it wise of him to send six guineas to the Dixon Institute of Scientific Salesmanship, Oxford Street, London, "to be taught the principles of business." We know nothing against the Institute, but cannot take upon ourselves the responsibility of advising. R. M. must judge for himself after studying the literature they send him.

C. J. W. (Smethwick).—We are afraid there is no special value in the plate you mention.

N. M. (Monmouth).—We know nothing about "The Royal Albert College of Edinburgh (Macdougall Robinson and Co. & Co.), and advise caution in dealing with all such institutions.

H. W. C. (Birmingham), J. A. V. S. (London), and H. E. (Bournemouth).—Not quite up to "Bull's Eyes" standard. Try again.

"AN APPRECIATIVE CARDIFF READER" has been amused by reading in *Tit-Bits* letters from Limerick winners testifying to the fairness of the awards. Awards usually seem perfectly fair to those who profit by them.

A. B. C. (London, S.W.) asks our candid opinion of Harmsworth's "History of the World." We have not seen it.

W. S. (Sunderland).—Why not act as your own solicitor? We think you have a very good case.

Q. P. (London) has been amused by the idea of a spinster being described as a salesman. But ladies are sometimes addressed as "Mr. Chairman."

S. P. (Woodstock Road) wants all readers to shout one of his songs in our honour until they are as hoarse as crows.

E. A. A. (London). We don't see anything wrong with the Quiver scheme.

H. A. B. (Park Lane).—No bloodless surgery for us, thank you.

W. J. N. (London, N.) writes us several pages of severe criticism. He says that we mock at religion, and that we are against everything Christian. He further accuses us of pandering to superstition, and bids us remember that we owe the existence of justice in England to the fact that we are living where Christian principles predominate. "All the good ideas you have," he says, "though their number may be and is strictly limited, may be traced to the same source." We are also a Pharisee, and very cowardly for not endorsing all Jim Crow's ideas. It is all very sad.

F. W. D. (Bristol) sends us the announcement of a birth which some silly people published in the form of a Limerick. We suppose they thought they were very funny.

A. L. (Liverpool) says that he sent in eight correct football predictions to *Yes or No*, and subsequently found the prize divided between two competitors, each of whom had sent in the same number of correct results as himself. He wants to know whether he can enforce his claim to a third of the money. If he can prove his statements he is entitled to recover.

D. C. (Glasgow).—Thanks for kind enquiries. We are quite well.

T. L. (Southwark).—Glad you are able, from personal experience, to confirm our views of the three individuals in question. If you see it in *JOHN BULL*, it is so!

W. S. (Leeds).—The addresses of Messrs. Hoplder and Bucknall are correctly given in your letter, but that of Mr. Lund, according to "Webster's Red Book," is 29, Southampton Street, Strand.

H. H. (Bayswater) sends us some excellent biscuit material about two miners who fell 2,000 feet without sustaining any injury. O what a fall was there, my countryman!

C. H. M. (Dorset).—Great heavens, if we once commenced awarding biscuits to the *Winning Post*, what chance would anyone else have of getting any?

H. K. (London).—We are always glad to help our readers, but we really cannot undertake the responsibility of finding a school for your daughter of five. Surely there should be plenty of respectable preparatory schools in the neighbourhood of Baker Street, where you live.

W. F. (Walthamstow).—There is nothing to prevent your father, although a post office pensioner, living in Canada or anywhere else he chooses.

"JUVENIS" (Thornton Heath) wishes to know of a club or institute which a young city clerk can join. He wants one which is devoted to mental and moral improvement (not religious). An ethical and social society is about the nearest to his requirements. Perhaps our readers can oblige.

F. W. (Plumstead).—We are giving Lord Northcliffe a rest from our biscuits, otherwise he would be surfeited.

"ANTI-VACCINATOR" (Islington).—Your statement is inaccurate. The section in Mr. Burns's Bill followed the wording of the section it amended, and he kept his promise of a year ago to substitute a statutory declaration for the exemption certificate.

"LOOKER-ON" (Glasgow).—We note that the Scottish Finance Co., 45, Union Street, Glasgow, quotes from one of our articles, but everybody is doing that sort of thing nowadays. We, however, know nothing of the firm in question.

R. M. S. (Kent).—What had you been having to eat before you wrote your letter? Just fancy quoting Scripture at us!

S. R. (Holborn).—Thanks for letter about the wonderful three-totals calculator—but we prefer to make our own calculations.

A. C. G. (Streatham Hill) says that the rise in the price of tea is due to the fact that former tea-planters find it more profitable to cultivate rubber. We are quite aware that profits on tea are very difficult to make. "It don't seem right to us" that the tea duty should remain so high. At the present rate, we shall all be driven to drink whisky.

G. E. P. (Plymouth).—Surely any person with any spark of intelligence could see that the Dorado Watch Co. was not unlike the Brahmo Watch Co. You do not seem quite so bright as a reader of *JOHN BULL* should be. We shall have to get Jim Crow to give you a few lessons.

J. H. C. (Wimbledon).—Yes, police-court reporters seem to be very careless. They are always mixing up "deceased" and "defendant."

W. C. H. (Broken Hill, Australia).—We are glad you have done so well out there, but we are afraid that we do not know the address of your brass instrument maker. However, as you only play with friends at home with your organ the cornet can probably wait.

J. (Stroud Green).—Oh! those printers.

"REGULAR READER" (Redhill) says he is not narrow-minded, but he loathes a drunkard, and he does not think the story about Jim Crow and his wife was funny. He says Jim is a moral nigger and unworthy of having a wife at all. Fortunately, he has been careful to omit his name and address, so Jim cannot make him a defendant in the great libel action.

K. A. T. (Kensington).—"Sterilised Heirs" seem somewhat unnatural.

Miss D. N. —It is only clumsy, which is what one expects from the Harmsworth publications.

L. N. (Crouch End) and E. S. L. (Macclesfield Street).—We hope accidents are usually unexpected.

"POTTER" (Potteries).—It is not quite discreet even for starving men to steal turnips.

W. A., JUNR. (Edinburgh).—Jim is grateful for your kind regards and looks towards you over the water. If Prince Charlie had not turned back from Derby the controversy might never have arisen.

Mrs. A. F. (Southend-on-Sea).—It must have been difficult to hawk stolen property about the country in stolen horses.

"TORQUAY" informs us that the Bishop of St. Asaph, having had a hat ruined, offered to sell it at a garden sale. "Torquay" wants us to buy it for Jim Crow, but that gentleman is thinking of becoming a Mohammedan, in which case he will have to wear a fez.

C. G. (Harborne).—What a fuss about a little bit of pork.

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Tea Merchants.

GOLD MEDAL,  
JANESTOWN, 1907.



GOLD MEDAL,  
BERLIN, 1907.

By Special Appointment

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THE FINEST TEA  
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NO MIDDLEMEN'S PROFITS.  
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**Sole Proprietors of many of the most  
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**BRANCHES AND AGENCIES EVERYWHERE.**

# LIPTON'S TEA

THE

**LARGEST SALE IN THE WORLD.**

# NEVER DESPAIR!

**A SILVER SIXPENCE MAY BE YOUR MASCOT  
AND MAKE YOU THE SURVIVAL  
OF THE FITTEST.**

Never despair whilst you have sixpence in your pocket, for that silver sixpence may be your mascot, and make you the survival of the fittest.

It is all a question of health and vitality.

Most of the ills that flesh is heir to come from an impaired digestion. Keep your digestion in order, and I tell you you will be all right. But, instead of rushing to drugs and stimulants to effect this, give your body a chance by giving it proper nourishment.

All is not gold that glitters, as you have no doubt heard said before; also a bad thing is dear at any price. And this brings us back to the silver sixpence with which I started. Do not spend it on medicines which will do you no good—and the cheapest of them will cost you more than one silver sixpence—but just straightway invest it in a packet of Vi-Cocoa, and become strong and healthy as thousands of men and women have already done.



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**12/6**



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Norman Court, New Barnet.  
DEAR SIR,—I think it only just to you to tell you that I sent for your "Nutsell" Automatic Stroppler in the full conviction that I should have to return it and ask for my money again, as I had tried every stroppler ever put on the market and found them all disappointing and unsatisfactory. But yours does all that you claim for it—and more; and really does make shaving a pleasure. I am exceedingly pleased with it—it is so simple and so effective.

November 20th, 1907.

I am, yours faithfully,  
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## What is Your Number?

CHANGE IN OUR SCHEME.

FIFTY NUMBERS DRAWN WEEKLY.

SEE ANNOUNCEMENT ON PAGE 1.

D. J. (West Hartlepool).—We can scarcely credit your sporting story, but we are amused by the definitions of drunkenness. We are not sure that the policeman was entirely wrong when he said:—

"Whey, if yor droonk, an kna yor droonk, yor not droonk. But if yor droonk and divent kna yor droonk, yor d—d weel droonk."

A. C. G. (London, S.W.).—Engagement rings are worn on the finger next to the little finger on the left hand. There is no particular stone, so you may probably allow the young lady to choose for herself, unless you have superstitions about some particular stone. Certainly buy an expensive ring, if you can afford it. You may not be so generous when you have been married so long as we have. But how dare you call it "an every-day affair"? Do you really get engaged every day?

F. B. (North Kensington).—How can the Church be as independent as JOHN BULL so long as it is an Established Church? We are established, but by our own efforts.

"Rex" (Brighton).—We do not follow your argument. However, we thank you for your appreciations of Crow and Dahle.

A. J. W. (Saltash).—We do not award biscuits for painful incidents of that kind.

E. A. A. (Homerton).—We are glad your pastor is so sensible and appreciative.

G. M. (Lupus Street).—Even if Socialism were a humanitarian policy, people like the gentleman you mention would not do much to help it on.

E. C. R. (Brockley) suggests that we should publish a black list of fraudulent tradesmen, watch companies, etc., as a supplement to our paper. He promises to hang it up in his home. We will give the idea our best consideration, but why do people persist in dealing with circularising tradesmen about whom they know nothing?

"MONTY" (South Ealing).—We are tired of exposing the Dorado Watch Company.

"CYMRU" (Newbury).—Certainly not.

J. N. (Goswell Road).—We have as much as we can do to digest our own jokes.

H. G. B. (Finsbury Park).—It was too bad to make a postman spend the whole day by a pillar-box and then call him a human pillar-box. Surely he was not expected to swallow the letters.

H. A. (London).—Thanks for copy of *Limericks' Weekly*. Mr. J. Stoddart is certainly an enterprising chap.

R. S. F. (Battersea).—Stupid, but not funny enough for a biscuit.

J. P. W. (Balfour Station, Transvaal) says that Swaziland is to be opened up for the nominal benefit of the unemployed, but that only rich prospectors will really profit thereby. We will ask Mr. Churchill about it when he comes back, but we should fancy that the next hunting-ground for the unemployed would be East Africa.

"SHRIMP" (Dewetsdorp, O.R.C.).—Shocking grammar, but *Punch* has fallen off very much of late years.

W. P. A. (Portsoy) is a tradesman who took on the Tabard Inn Library and was dissatisfied with his bargain. Perhaps other readers will relate their experiences. So far, the facts in our possession are not sufficient to enable us to criticise.

E. M. (Lambeth).—Quite nice poetry. Is it your very own?

H. D. (London, W.) wants a biscuit for the *Schoolmaster* for saying: "It is on record that Laban willingly served seven years for Rachel." Is it still Dr. Macnamara's paper?

J. J. (Cardiff).—Thanks for further particulars about the London Premium Tea Co. We are keeping our eye on them.

C. E. M. (Bromley).—The point you raise will be dealt with in the forthcoming Licensing Bill. It, however, requires extremely careful treatment.

T. P. W. (London).—We have administered five biscuits to the author of the article in question.

W. B. (Newport).—We will consider the suggestion of collecting all our old biscuits and offering them in a nice new tin.

R. G. (Camberwell) has posted the following notice in his office, where he has many callers:—

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Persons Interested in Public Matters,  
In Favour of Lawful Rights,  
Exposure of Sweating Curces, &c.,  
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A WOULD-BE REFORMER.

Good old R.G.!

O. B. T. (London).—We are obliged for your interesting and characteristic letter. There are many advantages in fighting a case before a Registrar—especially when the proceedings are launched in the hope that they will not be contested.

H. H. W. (Hornwick).—Thanks for cutting, but, after due consideration, we have decided to send it on to the *Winning Post*.

(We regret we are obliged to hold over a large number of replies.)



## RACING NOTES.

By W. LOTINGA.

("Larry Lynx" of "The People," and "Magpie" of "The Globe.")

**Absurd Conditions.**

It is a farce to close £100 maiden plates months ahead.

**True Sport.**

Mr. H. W. S. Chilcott trains two or three of his own horses at Ascot.

**They Are Not Accepted in "John Bull."**

Some of the s.p. merchants' "ads." are most impudent—and false.

**Owners Realise It.**

It is always the bad horses that seriously hurt jockeys. The good ones usually hurt themselves.

**The Lambourn Caruso.**

Tommy Dunn, the steeplechase jockey, is always the leader of the vocal orchestra among Hallick's lads when at exercise on the downs.

**Appropos of This Week's Sales.**

How true it is that while foreign buyers will give any figure for a "fashionable" stallion, they persistently refrain from securing good brood mares.

**A Year This Week.**

The sad accident to Birch, at Gatwick last season, recalls an exactly similar case with W. Skinner, a French jockey, who broke his back, and whose widow subsequently became the wife of Escott, the Lewes trainer.

**Like Judas.**

Horses that are continually second we should frequently cease to follow, but for the invariable fact that there is an excuse attaching to their beating. Thus we continue to support them time after time.

**Why they Don't Win.**

It is always an old excuse when a horse is beaten that "something" quite unexpected did it, either a fall, a cannon, that the horse hit himself, brushed a fence, caught a swinging hurdle, etc., etc. But backers lose their money just the same.

**Owned Succour and Melays.**

Everybody, whether knowing the late Col. Kincaid-Smith personally or not, appreciated his splendid open racing policy, an attribute not allied to every owner in these days of commercialism. Men of his type are really the mainstay of racing, for they "run a few" year after year, whatever their varying fortune, upon an almost non-betting policy. It is the gaps in the turf world through the deaths of such good men as Sir Blundell Maple, Prince Soltykoff, Col. McCalmont, and now Col. Kincaid-Smith that have caused our national pastime to suffer, for there are none forthcoming to take their place. The Colonel's will was proved this week.

**"Mix" It.**

At a few meetings they include N.H. events—as Warwick used to do—in their flat race programme, and each spring and autumn at Liverpool it is the same. This, however, is now only continued in the North, or occasionally in the Midlands at the minor meetings, for Kempton even on Easter Monday has dropped its one hurdle race, and the bigger equally fashionable suburban gatherings now never "mix" their sport. In France and Ireland it is done, with advantage, at the most prominent venues.

**Pillo's Trainer.**

There is no question—as Alvarez and Torterolo have given us proof—but that the Argentines are splendid trainers, although the very worst of vets. That is why so very many of the horses they import or breed break down, as they are very severe in giving them plenty of work. Horses in South America are trained and "done" like so many machines, the gallops being in secret, although on the same open course; but horses are often worked at midnight or as early as two o'clock in the morning.

**The Past Week.**

It cannot be said that the first few days of jumping proper have been over-enlivening, or productive of anything extraordinary. Certainly the weather militated badly against

## SHERRY.

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all out-door sport, Aldershot and Leicester being marred by heavy rains and Kempton by fog. It was not characteristic sport at Kempton, nor was there the vim and attendance usual at Sunbury. Summarised, I might say that it was a grievous disappointment to the public generally that Nulli Secundus did not compete at Leicester, due, I believe, to the belief that such a big striding horse would not be suited to the undulating course. We have had one or two extraordinary finishes, in the sense that the ultimate winners have seemed clean out of the race at the last fence. Nothing more remarkable could be brought off than the manner in which War Paint, after never seeming to be in the race, came with marvellous speed, and simply cantered home from Faithless Lad. There have been the usual upsets among the three-year-olds, viz., that those previously winners have been very severely set back by animals who had then finished behind them. Of course, condition and proficiency in jumping counts for everything. The Newbury form is panning out well, both as regards the Hurdle Handicap, which Whipsnade won, and the Juvenile Plate, which fell to Broomstick, for already a good many animals then in their rear have "come up." With only seven runners, and two really unfancied, it was certainly out of the common, and a rare compliment to the handicapper, to see 7 to 2 laid upon the field for the Middlesex Steeplechase at Kempton. The result was by no means in accord with this, as Flutterer had always won it, the aged gelding being wondrously well, and simply thrown in, for he is a rare bred one, and was once quite a top-weight. Judas, like Sandboy, is one of those horses invariably fated to find something just too good for them. What odds was it really against such an astounding coincidence that Judas should finish second, Denmark third, and Oatlands (as favourite) fourth, both this year and last year in the same event?

As to the future, it is pleasing to hear that Walter Bulteel is again thoroughly himself, and will take his place quite at the head of amateur jockeys this winter.

**Prophetic.**

The future is not prepossessing, but we shall need, of course, to follow the two or three animals named last week, JUDAS, PLAYFUL OCEAN, and YASHMAK, who all ran prominently, and were, of course, none too lucky to run up against something "hot" to beat them. To-day (Thursday), at Gatwick, even if Yashmak has got over his Kempton race and slight mishap, he is not likely to beat GOLDEN MISCHIEF, another of the hitherto unfortunate brigade, in the Juvenile Plate. At Sandown, as the horse ran really well at Newbury, and was then already in fair condition, I can see nothing to beat SACHEM in Saturday's December Hurdle Handicap, for staying is his game, and he has a really rotten troop to beat now that Whipsnade is penalised. SANDBOY, if kept for it, will about take the Hurdle Handicap.

**NULLI SECUNDUS**

will probably contest the Milburn Plate, and he will, of course, be a raging favourite. Even on weight-for-age terms, the racing army look like having an opportunity of giving vent to their loyalty and enthusiasm. He, too, is also in at Gatwick on Wednesday. I am loth to overlook Oatlands, but do not believe that the horse really stays 3½ miles, therefore my selection for Sandown's Steeplechase would be

**OLD FAIRYHOUSE,**

who would be a certainty on his best form, so we shall have to trust to our eyes as to the horse's physical condition, and the market as to the extent he is "fancied."

At Haydock Park, if ADONIS III. has not been penalised, or too outrageously beaten at Gatwick, he ought to win Friday's Hurdle Handicap.

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